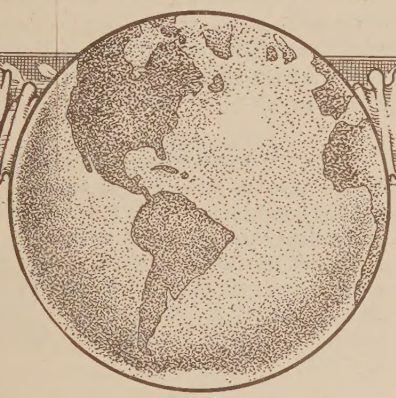
The Universalist Leader

A Journal of Tomorrow

Boston and Chicago

February 17, 1923



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Universalism, the Inevitable Religion of Tomorrow

The Universalist Leader

Continuing the CHRISTIAN LEADER and its predecessors (1819 to 1897), the UNIVERSALIST and its predecessors (1827 to 1897), and the GOSPEL BANNER (1835 to 1897).

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—*From an Editorial in the Leader.*

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Μιγμα

Perhaps modern dancing is called dancing for the same reason that modern dance music is called music. (*Princeton Tiger.*)

υ λ

"Everybody should learn to drive a car." This is especially true of those who now sit behind the steering wheels. (*Martin's Ferry Times.*)

υ λ

If Mr. Hughes' mild suggestion at New Haven that an international commission be appointed to determine the amount of reparations was not found acceptable, it is difficult to visualize any act or proposal on our own part that will be acceptable. American effort to untangle the European skein, we suspect, must wait. (*Advocate of Peace.*)

υ λ

For three years we sat at a table in Memorial Hall with a negro, and it seemed to us that whatever tension there may have been in the beginning grew less. No insurrections or riots occurred any place in the United States because a negro student at Harvard ate at the same table with white students. Men who looked at him somewhat askance in the beginning found him agreeable and likable. And he, in his turn, probably discovered that men of the white race were not necessarily braggarts and oppressors. The tragedy of race discrimination does not lie in the fact that nothing can be done about it, but that something can. (*Heywood Broun.*)

υ λ

Chicago Methodists, we believe, make a mistake in working for and jubilantly accepting, in the case of their skyscraper down-town church, a waiving of the municipal statute as to height of buildings. The law is that no building shall exceed 400 feet in height. But Methodist influence in the city is very great, and its new building now rising from the very midst of the city's commerce appeals to both public and official imagination as a unique combination of business shrewdness and Christian piety. A law which has been enforced without variation or exception for many years was set aside by the city council so as to allow this new structure to be the highest building in Chicago and the highest church building in the world. We wonder if it does not seem a bit incongruous to Chicago Methodist leaders to inveigh against the violation of the prohibition law and in the same breath to ask to be put outside the operation of a city statute which is vigorously enforced against all others. (*Christian Century.*)

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THE
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ESSENTIAL PRINCIPLES OF THE UNIVERSALIST FAITH

1. The Universal Fatherhood of God.
2. The Spiritual Authority and leadership of His Son, ...us Christ.
3. The trustworthiness of the Bible as containing a revelation from God.
4. The certainty of just retribution for sin.
5. The final harmony of all souls with God.

Neither this nor any other precise form of words is required as a condition of fellowship, provided the above principles be professed.

Editorial

ENTEN THOUGHTS: MORAL ATHLETICISM

"O Lord, who for our sake didst fast forty days and forty nights, give us grace to use such abstinence that, our flesh being subdued to the spirit, we may ever obey thy godly motions in righteousness, and true holiness, to thy honor and glory, who livest and reignest with the Father and the Holy Ghost, One God, World without End. Amen."

THERE is a growing use of observing the Lenten season by non-l..urgical Churches. There is a feeling that since some Churches follow this cient custom and the thoughts of millions of Chris-.ns are engaged with meditations on the great truths d religious duties which make for a deeper life, d a more serious concern for the things of the spirit, ere is a certain advantage in availing ourselves of e same period, and for the same ends. Those nisters and non-liturgical Churches who have lowed this season of the Christian year testify that is good for them, and their testimony has had con-lerable influence in leading others to observe Lent.

The first Sunday in Lent brings before us one the great problems of our human life, which has nfronted human beings in all lands and in all ages, d is with us still. It is the problem of the proper ation of flesh and spirit, of body and mind. How all we live and give due recognition to our double ture, so that our lives shall be strong and noble?

Some pamper their bodies. They give primacy the desires and demands of the flesh and live to isfy its cravings, and in this satisfaction find the easure of living. The effects of such a life are clearly en. They are gross, carnal, bestial. Their souls are othered in the fat of their flesh. The imprisonment their minds in such flesh enclosures is more tragic an the incarceration of men in penitentiaries. This no solution of the problem.

Others seek to solve this problem by starving e body. They find every motion of the flesh evil; ey regard the impulses, instincts, desires of the dy as the source of all evil. They seek by asceti-m of the most rigorous kind to root out these de-es. They would be nothing but mind, or spirit. e effects on some of such a life have been to make em spiritual, but on others the effects have been gic in destroying their minds, and in the return of seven worse devils into their empty lives. This too is no solution of the problem.

We are compelled then to seek the solution of the problem in terms of moral athleticism. The athlete keeps his body fit for the games he is to play, both for its own sake and for the sake of the mind, for in all the great contests there is required keenness and quickness of mind and decisive and persistent action of the will, as well as strength and endurance of the body. The athlete must not break training while the games are on. Now the moral man, certainly the Christian, must in like manner keep himself fit, and must always be in training, for his contests are not for a season, but for his whole life.

The moral athlete recognizes the legitimate claims of the flesh and gives them their due satisfaction. He disciplines his body to keep it strong, to make it fit, that it may help his mind, and project his soul on its lone way. He curbs where curbing is necessary; he denies an appetite if the body as a whole requires it; he keeps his body under that his soul may be on top.

Moral athleticism seeks to subdue the body to the spirit. It wants a clean body for the dwelling place of the Holy Spirit, a sacred temple for the Spirit of God, a fit instrument of body and mind for the uses of the spirit, and for a free life in the pursuit of the things of the spirit.

D. E.

* *

NOT COMPLETE "DEGENERATION"

IN recent years Max Nordau, author of "Degeneration," who died the other day in Paris, has been very poor. He could not rent a country place. He had to live most economically in the simple Paris lodgings to which he returned in spite of the fact that the French had exiled him to Madrid during the war.

All he had to live on was a monthly salary from *La Nacion*, a Buenos Aires newspaper. More than a year ago his health failed and he stopped writing, but the monthly salary checks came regularly and with them tender letters of solicitude for his health from the editor.

This kindness of an unknown editor enabled a proud old man to maintain his self-respect to the end,

"Degeneration," the work which made Nordau famous over night, pointed out that "in art, literature and social evolution there is decadence and hysteria." Critics attempted to show that Nordau was a complete pessimist and stood for a "decadence which is permanent." In later works Nordau made plain the fact that his true conviction was that the degeneration of the times was only temporary. His own fearless disregard of the conventional and high devotion to human knowledge are arguments against that philosophy which can see nothing but rottenness in man.

And the kindness of the South American editor to an old man of another continent, another race and almost another age, is one of the little acts of which we can find instances every day and everywhere which keep strong our faith in the innate divinity of man.

* *

HOW BIG IS THE UNIVERSALIST CHURCH?

TWENTY years ago, if a church or an individual gave a considerable amount of money to some worthy charity or denominational cause, it was generally held to establish a corresponding degree of immunity from appeals of a similar character. Denominational agencies, therefore, were competitive rather than co-operative.

Our Million Dollar Campaign taught us the value of co-operation. One of the compelling arguments in its favor was just that elimination of rivalry, not to say competition, in appeals to individuals and churches. This was a distinct and enormous gain in denominational efficiency.

In deciding that the appeal for the Washington Church and the Perin-Cate Home should have major emphasis during the next few months, we have carried forward the same co-operative spirit. But if we are, therefore, to assume not only that no other appeals are to be made but that contributions to this object, few of which are likely to be large enough to seriously impoverish the donors, are to be used as an excuse, not to say a justification, for not doing other needed things, we shall not be doing our full duty nor shall we be growing as a Church.

The other day, Dr. Richard Eddy Sykes, the splendid and inspiring president of St. Lawrence University, told his Boston friends that local conditions compelled him to go forward with a campaign for a million dollars for St. Lawrence. While a large part of this will be contributed by those not directly interested in the Universalist Church, we should be quite ashamed of ourselves and quite unworthy of so splendid and consecrated a leader as Dr. Sykes, if we did not support him in every way in our power.

A similar situation, with a possibly more acute necessity for following it through, has developed in connection with Lombard College.

While the plans of the National Memorial Church Campaign are being perfected and work on the drive actually begun at the Universalist headquarters in Boston, a similar job for Lombard College has been developing at the busy college office in Illinois.

At first it was thought that one drive should wait for the completion of the other, but after a conference between the college and the denominational heads it was decided that the Mid-West was loyal and enthusiastic over both its National Church and its college, and that both campaigns should proceed.

The Lombard drive, upon which much careful preliminary work has been done during the past year, will be short and snappy so far as the denomination is concerned, and over half of the amount to be raised will come from the city of Galesburg and the alumni of the college.

A Comrades Dinner was held at Lombard College Feb. 13, to which all the Mid-West ministers and a representative from each local chapter of the Comrades were invited. As soon as they returned home the drive began and a week later it will be finished.

As soon as the Lombard Campaign among the churches is concluded the same organization, under Dr. Frank D. Adams of Elgin, assisted by President Tilden of Lombard and the various state chairmen, will throw the same energy into the National Memorial Church and Perin-Cate Campaign.

They may be a bit slow in getting started out there in the big Mid-West, but when once started the rest of the country generally sees quite plainly what they are doing. The entire denomination wishes the Mid-West much success in both these big drives.

* *

ANOTHER GIFT TO THE MEMORIAL CHURCH AND THE PERIN-CATE HOUSE

THE actual canvass for subscriptions for the Memorial Church and the Perin-Cate House has not begun, but generous gifts are beginning to come in from those who volunteer their offering in advance of the canvassing period.

Another letter has come in accompanied by a check for $1,500, from a good woman who does not wish her name to be used. The gift is two-thirds for the Memorial Church and one-third for the Perin-Cate House. Who will be the next? Don't hesitate if your check is for less than $1,500, and surely don't if it is to be for more.

These liberal contributions which are being received without solicitation are prophetic of a general and generous response our people will make throughout the denomination, as the far-reaching significance of our Memorial Church and Perin-Cate House project unfolds itself in their minds.

* *

INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTION

FIVE years ago, when Arthur Nash announced that the Golden Rule would be the law under which he would operate his clothing factory nobody took the slightest notice of it except the little group of workers directly concerned. Two years ago when, at the Babson Labor Conference, he told the story of what had already been achieved, there were more skeptics than believers, in spite of the things already accomplished. Later on, when papers like the *Survey* and the *New Republic* launched vicious attacks on the Nash factory, because they are still obsessed with the jungle theory of class warfare as the basis of industrial operation, there were many who seemed glad to say, "I told you so!" Now, however, not simply the operation of the Nash factory, nor even the spread of what is called the "Nash Idea," which Mr. Nash himself insists is not his idea at all

ut simply the application of the social philosophy of esus, is at issue.

Those who follow economic thought know that o-day the man quoted most often and with most espect for his opinions by the advanced thinkers who en years ago were quoting Thorstein Veblen, is Prof. Lionel D. Edie of Colgate University. His "New Principles of Economics" insists from cover to cover hat the time has come when the human factor must e evaluated and weighed in all economic discussion, nd that in industrial relationships it is quite as im- ortant as any other.

The other day Dr. Charles P. Steinmetz, general- y regarded as one of the foremost industrial thinkers s well as one of the greatest practical scientists of our ime, told the Chamber of Commerce that the trouble with modern industry is that we are making things to *sell* instead of things to *use*, and went on to say, in effect, that industry must supplant the profit motive with the service motive.

Those who have listened to Mr. Nash's recent addresses to audiences of business men and watched their reaction have noted a change from an often re- sentful skepticism to an eager and friendly interest.

Industry is becoming humanized, and the time is not far distant when men like Judge Gary and Samuel Gompers will be regarded as pathetic but no longer dangerous survivals of a bygone age. To our children's children the stories of our present industrial warfare will sound as remote as tales of piracy to us.

* *

WHO IS PAYING THE BILLS?

NOT long after the report of the Interchurch Commission on the conditions in the steel industry, an address by an obscure Congregational minister, not hitherto known to possess any particular knowledge of economic conditions, making a vicious attack upon the Interchurch report, was circulated by the hundred thousand. Nobody suspected the author of paying for printing and postage.

Now there comes from the press a rather bulky volume, the authorship of which is assumed by a Mr. Marshall Olds, of New York City, devoted to an attempt to show that the Interchurch report was all wrong. An analysis of the book reveals the fact that one of the serious charges it contains is based upon a typographical error long since pointed out by the Interchurch Commission itself. Certain quotations, removed from their contexts, are also made to do duty in ways familiar with those who have before had to deal with similar matters.

The most interesting thing about the book, however, is neither the authorship nor its content, but the fact that copies are being sent broadcast to ministers and others bearing a slip pasted on the jacket which reads, "With the compliments of Elbert H. Gary."

The general public, and particularly the stockholders of the United States Steel Company, have a right to know not only who wrote the book and with what authority he speaks, but who pays for this printing and distribution. Certainly, there must be some at least among the stockholders of the United States Steel Company who would protest against their money being used in this way, and it is fair to assume that the workers, who are themselves the victims of the conditions described in the Interchurch report, would not vote with any degree of enthusiasm for its publication at their expense.

We submit that if Judge Gary is to send out this volume, the public has a right to know who pays for it.

* *

DO YOU?

DR. RICHARD EDDY SYKES, president of St. Lawrence University, gave a splendid and inspiring address at the Boston Ministers' Meeting, Monday, Feb. 5. We wish we had a full report of it to pass on to our readers. Those who know Dr. Sykes will understand that, as always when he speaks, it came from a great heart as well as a clear brain.

To one of his hearers at least the most striking thing he said was the narration of a boyhood reminiscence. He was paying tribute to Dr. Ebenezer Fisher, loved and revered by all older St. Lawrence men. He said that when he was a boy in Canton he used especially to prize the most casual meetings on the street with Dr. Fisher, "because he always made me think of God."

Ministers of the Universalist Church, when your parishioners meet you on the street, do you make them think of God? Men and women of the Universalist Church, when the children of your Sunday school and of your community meet you on the street, do you make them think of God? Do you?

* *

"INSIDE THE CUP"

WE are very grateful for one change which is gradually taking place among the nations of the earth. The number of people is constantly decreasing who declare for "Our country, right or wrong, our country!" While, on the other hand, that group of citizens is increasing who declare, "Our country, right or wrong. If right we shall serve her; if wrong we shall make her right."

The time has arrived when the spirit of this better patriotism must be carried over into our social organizations. There will be the dawn of a brighter day when men and women everywhere are determined not to desert and forsake their group and allow it to degenerate into a dangerous weapon, but are resolved to serve it by purifying and strengthening it.

"Cleanse first the inside of the cup and of the platter, that the outside thereof may become clean also."

H. H. N.

* *

The broadcast sermon may reach some who, because of the embarrassment of the contribution box, may never have heard the Gospel.

* *

The tyranny of the Czar, or even the Bolshiviki, is mild compared with that of the undisciplined small boy.

* *

A big summer hat and thick winter furs seem to add materially to the consolations of religion.

* *

Put a dollar in the contribution box and draw out a lot of self-respect.

From Playgrounds to Peace

Frank D. Adams

THE letter from the Editor of the *Leader* asking me to write an article for the Social Service number certainly covered a lot of territory. He said I might write on anything from Peace to Playgrounds! On first reading I smiled and took the suggestion as he meant it, simply as a joke. But the idea stuck. And when I read the letter again it flashed over me that here was the very thing. All I had to do was to turn it the other way around and call it, "From Playgrounds to Peace," and, presto! here was my subject. For I am persuaded that the road our world must travel to reach the goal so much desired does actually connect these two terminals—Playgrounds and Peace.

* *

To him who has eyes to see, there are few things more instructive than to sit on a bench in a public playground and watch the children at their games. He looks upon a world in miniature, a veritable cross-section of human life All the children seem to be acquainted. If not actually acquainted, there is a spirit of *camaraderie* as inclusive as it is distinctive. It is recognized that every one there has a right to be there, and that one is just as good as another. A newcomer in the group is accepted without question, unless he shows himself lacking in the group-spirit. In that case they have very effective means of educating him; and if he is not amenable to such training, he soon finds it convenient and lots pleasanter to seek his diversion elsewhere.

There are certain tacit and well-understood rules which every child on the playground must observe. He is quickly made to understand that he is only one of a large group, and that his individual rights are limited strictly by the best interest of the group as a whole. Moreover, each game they play—and usually a number of games are going on simultaneously—has its own rules. Every player must obey the rules, in spirit and to the letter. There is something refreshing in the summary methods that are employed with any one who is caught cheating. For children, even very young children, have a keen sense of fairness and honor. Go into any kindergarten, and observe. A game is started in which each child is told to shut his eyes tight, and not open them till the signal is given. Nothing will start a riot so quickly as for some one to be caught "peeking." It is an unwritten law that, "It's no fair to peek."

Even so on the playground the "good fellow" is the one who plays the game according to the rules, the one who is honest, fair and generous. The "bully" has no standing, and he is not tolerated. Individual skill in the games is quickly recognized, and the skilled players become the natural leaders. In every case of dispute, and such cases are fairly numerous, the majority rules.

Another thing that strikes one is the use of a common vocabulary. There is a playground vocabulary and a game vocabulary. Some of it is utterly unintelligible to a bystander; but the players understand it, and it is quite essential to the progress and smooth running of the game. Until the language is learned the player is under a considerable handicap.

Thus knowing the vocabulary, and playing together according to rules, a healthy community spirit is built up; and every child who frequents that playground feels himself a member of the community, with equal suffrage and with certain inalienable rights.

* *

Now it is a trite saying that, within the last two or three decades, the world has been reduced to the size of a small neighborhood, almost to the proportions of a large family. But, trite as it is, we have done little enough in the way of adjusting ourselves to the fact. There is no use bewailing it or stubbornly denying it. One may sincerely wish it were otherwise, but that does not change the situation a bit. There are persons everywhere who find it difficult, almost impossible, to co-operate; some who indulge their personal likes and dislikes to such a degree that they are a detriment to any group to which they may be attached. Some there be who have not outgrown race prejudice. They find the assumption of essential human equality quite intolerable. They are sure that some races and peoples are by nature inferior, fit only to be hewers of wood and drawers of water for those who are higher in the intellectual and social scale.

All such persons dislike to believe that the world has become a neighborhood, just because they object to some of their neighbors. But there is no use kicking against the goad. There is no use railing at "manifest destiny." Turkey and China are closer to us to-day than Boston was to Chicago seventy-five years ago. Within ten years they will move up to within half their present distance. The only way of checking this movement is to destroy all our modern means of transportation and communication, forbid their future manufacture and use, and go back to the ox-cart and the stage-coach—which is, of course, an impossible suggestion. The world has become a neighborhood, and we must recognize that fact willy-nilly.

All this being true—and he who disputes it is simply mad—we must henceforth do our thinking in world terms. No matter how much easier it might seem to be otherwise, or how much more to our advantage theoretically, we can not think any longer simply as Americans. Britons can not any longer think just in terms of the British Empire, nor Frenchmen in terms of the French Republic. The monumental folly of that kind of thinking is being demonstrated in Germany at this moment. An overweaning ambition to secure "a place in the sun" has not only brought ruin upon a great empire, but panic and perplexity to all the earth. No nation can henceforth lay out its course without taking into consideration its inevitable reactions upon the rest of the world. Long ago we learned that some of our individual whims and caprices—when there was more elbow-room we called them "personal liberties!"—must be greatly modified, perhaps even quite sup-

pressed, for the sake of the larger common good. Even in the location and style of the house I build, I am bound to consider the rights of my neighbors. The fact that I am building it with my own money gives me no right to build a monstrosity or maintain a nuisance. In some districts the minimum cost of the house, its distance from the street, even the kind of building material used, are all stipulated in the title-deed to the ground; yet nobody feels it an infringement upon his personal liberty. Such restrictions are all made in the interest of the neighborhood as a whole. The old dictum that I may do as I please with my own money has gone into limbo along with a lot of other "personal liberty" moonshine. I may do as I please with it only so long as I please to do nothing against the common good.

Now the time has come when the nations must be ruled and guided by like community obligations. National isolation has become impossible. Natural barriers once served as buffers behind which groups of men could hide from the rest of the world and live in geographical and social isolation. A century ago the broad oceans constituted such barriers for our own nation; and we have not given sufficient thought to the fact that most of our national policies were formulated in the days when those barriers were actually performing their function. But to-day the Atlantic is a less effective barrier than was the River Jordan in the days when Moses viewed the Promised Land from the summit of Mount Pisgah. Until this present decade, Thibet, surrounded by the embattled ranges of the snow-crowned Himalayas, was totally inaccessible, a hermit land of superstition and mystery. Now the moving-picture men are invading the sacred streets of Lhassa!

Sometimes, when Nature had failed to interpose a buffer, artificial ones were erected. Witness the Great Wall of China. In its day it was an engineering feat stupendous in its magnitude, and quite sufficient for its purpose. For long years it stayed the bloodthirsty hordes of the North, who would overrun and plunder China. But what is it to-day? Merely a curiosity, as useless for its original purpose as a broken stick! Armies and navies were modifications of the same idea. Just movable walls for offense or defense, behind which nations sought to hide in security, indifferent or hostile to all the rest of the world. For centuries they served their purpose. But the submarine, the airplane, poison-gas and disease germs are fast making armies and navies, forts and fortifications, as futile and useless as the Great Wall of China. Men have learned how to leap over such outgrown barriers as a trained athlete leaps over a hurdle. Of the same nature, also, are high tariffs and all kinds of disabilities laid upon trade, travel and transportation—all of them devices calculated to isolate nations and enable them to thrive independently of other nations or at their expense. But their utter uselessness for the purpose intended is being demonstrated so rapidly that one can not keep up with the procession of events.

* *

It is evident that there must be an entirely new deal.

The world has become a neighborhood, and we must learn to live together as neighbors, not as brigands or highwaymen, nor even as masters and subjects. We must think of our world-life as a game, fairly comparable to the games of the playground, where the children of a community come together for mutual acquaintance and recreation. That we may not lose the point of the illustration, let us remember that play is actual business with a child. It is, in fact, his only business, the only thing he thinks about seriously. Food, shelter, school, and the few tasks which his elders call "useful," are all more or less troublesome incidentals, to which he devotes as little attention as possible. "The play's the thing." And rightly, too. In his games the child is introduced to life. He gets acquainted with other children, he learns to co-operate, he learns to give and take, he learns the honor and dignity of playing according to the rules of the game, expecting no unfair advantage and claiming none, even though he may have the most powerful pair of fists on the playground.

As soon as we begin seriously to think in this way, we perceive that the present rules of the game of internationalism will not do. They were formulated and established in the days when "Every fellow for himself" was the world slogan. They are based upon precedents which are rapidly being superseded. But how are we to get better rules? Only by getting together and playing the game, as good neighbors should. Every move of every player in this game of world affairs affects every other player. So all must have a voice in making and enforcing the rules of the game.

Yes, this brings up again that question which, in America, has unhappily become a partisan question—a league or concert of nations. But any discussion of this kind *must* bring it up. Every move or gesture in the game of diplomacy as it is being played to-day, even under the old rules, brings it up. The imperative nature of this question was felt by Mr. Harding himself, when, in making his campaign as an opponent of the League of Nations, he yet declared himself in favor of *some* arrangement that would secure international co-operation in the place of the immemorial policy of ultimate world suicide. Like that other fact of a world become a neighborhood, which we must recognize whether we like it or not, here is another, equally imperative and inescapable. In some way or other the nations must come together and make rules for their community life, rules based not upon physical power but upon justice and equity. No fair-minded man will be dogmatic about the method of getting this done. Let it be the present League of Nations, or some modification of it, or a totally new plan of co-operation, it makes little practical difference which. But any great progress toward peace among men awaits something of this kind.

The spirit of such a getting together, it hardly need be said, must be that of friendliness. Friends are kind, friends are just and generous. Francisco Nitti, until recently Premier of Italy, rightly sensed the need of the hour when he said to a group of newspaper men a few months ago: "What Europe needs is a smile. Peace and war are not only two national facts; they are states of mind. If two men look

at each other with murder in their hearts, they may try to kill each other. But if they look toward each other with a certain diffidence, and smile, they may be friends. All the nations of Europe have three or four difficult years ahead. They must smile at one another, and work together." What Nitti asserts of Europe is true of the whole world. But it is not merely a matter of three or four years. We are facing an epoch, during which must be worked out the problem of living together as neighbors and friends. So it behooves us all to smile—*and mean it!*

* *

But the question arises: How shall we enforce such rules after they are made? Natural barriers no longer avail. Artificial walls of brick or statute are crumbling. Ships and soldiers are helpless in the face of torpedoes and gas attacks. What shall we do?

Let us go back to the playground for the answer. There the cheat is *persona non grata*. He is warned once or twice; then, if he does not heed, he is outlawed and forbidden the playground. There the "bully" is despised. If he insists upon a fight, he has the whole organization to whip—and he soon sees the error of his ways. He is a pariah and an outcast until he can play according to the rules. A neighborhood can always enforce the rules it agrees upon. Francis Neilson declares pointedly that the only way of dealing with selfish, unfair and domineering nations is through the boycott. Have nothing to do with them! Refuse to trade with them! Refuse to recognize them as honorable, contributing members of the family of nations! I am inclined to agree with him. At any rate, some such method will be devised; and rare indeed, I fancy, will be the cases in which we shall have to invoke it after one or two have been so disciplined. We know how it works when applied to individuals.

I have spoken of the vocabulary of the playground. It is unlike any other language, and it is indispensable. The game can not go on without it. There is nothing our old world needs so much as a universal tongue. Difference of language is the greatest single barrier between men. Almost instinctively we feel that one whose speech is unlike our own must be an unlike being. We are quite too prone to regard mere difference as a sign of inferiority. So, when we undertake to deal with men who can not understand us, or whom we can not understand, there is likely to be a bit of conceit on both sides.

Americans are especially guilty in this respect. In this great country, where every one for a thousand miles in either direction speaks the same language, there is small reason for learning another; whereas, in Europe, where one's neighbor perhaps less than a miles away employs a different tongue altogether, the situation requires more linguistic skill. Even in Iceland, to be really educated, one must be able to speak three or four languages fluently. But in America, due to the geographical isolation of more than three centuries, we have grown "cocky" and intolerant. So, instead of learning the other man's language, we exclaim with impatient disgust, "Oh, why doesn't he speak United States?" We are really a very provincial people, with all the strength and all the weakness of that condition.

How to bring it about is a big question; but there can be no doubt that we need a universal tongue. It would not be an impossible task if the nations agreed upon the need, and seriously set about the business of meeting it. In spite of the inertia of six thousand years, China is learning to speak and write a new phonetic language. Are Europeans and Americans inferior to the Chinese in enterprise? I can think of nothing that would bring the peoples of the world together more quickly, and convince men more certainly of their essential likeness, than for one to be able to go to any part of the world, and there speak and be understood. It would level the greatest barrier to universal brotherhood. Why not spend the price of one battleship in starting such a movement?

In no other way, as I conceive it, shall we ever be able to establish a right understanding among the nations. And everything depends upon understanding. Those who have witnessed that delicious comedy-drama, "Thank-U," will recall the scene in which the cynical old millionaire, having nothing to do at the moment, picks up the rector's sermon manuscript, very disdainfully, and starts reading it. The very first clause arrests his attention, "Sympathy with understanding." He stops and ponders. He remembers how he has lost his hold upon his own boy by failure to understand him. "Sympathy with understanding," he repeats, "by God, he's right!"

It is true indeed. Having understanding *and* sympathy one is able to do anything with one's fellow men. But sympathy is not always possible. Men sometimes take attitudes with which we can not sympathize. But we can always try to understand. That can never be successfully done until we get together in some kind of a mutual exchange of ideas. Let us level the barriers and leap over the walls, that the day of peace may draw nigh.

* *

In these later times of much movement, if not progress, it is probably true that we are always in the midst of a transition period. The Old is constantly giving way to the New. Yet I believe that religion is to-day passing through a period of transition more radical than any we have experienced for five hundred years. Truer now than ever are the classic words of Matthew Arnold, that we are

> "Wandering between two worlds—one dead,
> The other powerless to be born."

Yet not powerless, for we are engaged in the business of bringing religion down to the earth. We are changing the grammar of religion from the future tense to the present tense. We are working downward from the head to the heart. We are linking together belief and conduct in indissoluble wedlock.

To be sure this is only what Jesus did, and what he bade his disciples to do. The kingdom of heaven which Jesus proclaimed was a present kingdom, ruling here and now in the hearts of men. But his disciples somehow did not quite understand him. Paul, especially, seemed to shift the emphasis from the present to the future, from the heart to the intellect, from the kingdom to apocalypse. Christianity presently came to mean holding to a set of doctrines

ather than living a few great principles. The feeling rew that the kingdom was something which believers were to receive in the next world, but to gain which his world must be renounced and despised. And I tate a general truth when I say that such a conception of religion has prevailed among Christians for bout eighteen centuries. It is this conception we re challenging to-day. And we are in the very nidst of the strain and the sweat and the struggle of djusting the Church's program to the program of esus.

* *

But in the meantime—a period of only about wenty-five years—a great movement, more or less oosely organized, has grown up, and it is called Social Service. It was conceived in the hearts of men and vomen who had grown impatient with the pious utility of conventional religion. They were eager to *do* something. They beheld a world becoming increasingly Christian in theory, yet adhering in practice to the social and moral codes of paganism. Wars grew more deadly, while the gulf betwixt the rich and the poor, the possessors and the dispossessed, yawned wider and deeper every year. So they went out and began *doing* some of the things of which suffering humanity stood in direst need. They called it Social Service. They took it frankly outside the Church, on the assumption that orthodox, conventional Christianity was concerned only with the world to come.

For a time the Church quivered under this rebuke. For a time some of its leaders were perplexed and dismayed. Some, indeed, avowed that the rebels were right, that religion is concerned only with right doctrines, by the benefit of which heaven may be gained in the life to come, and that the Church has nothing to do with Social Service. The modern name of this cult is *Fundamentalism*. But many more have awakened to the truth that the religion of Jesus is intensely and practically the religion of to-day, that it consists in human service, that its mission is the realization of the Christ-life among men here and now. And with a great new baptism of power they are reinterpreting his message to the world.

Such prophets are not apologetic in the presence of those who are "doing things." They are doing things, too! They understand the privilege and joy of dealing at *first hand* with the very sources of that spiritual passion out of which all human service is born. And these are they who are insisting that nations, as well as individuals, shall begin to square their programs with the program of Jesus.

* *

Is there any Social Service comparable to this? Nay, verily, for this is basic and fundamental. This is the powerhouse from which all others must ultimately obtain their inspiration and strength. That is why I have dared to submit to the *Leader* a contribution for this Social Service number very different from the usual type. The time has come for preachers to re-exalt their office, and for the Church to reassert its function as paramount in human life. Let us never cease to honor those who had the courage to challenge a soporific Church and stir it to a new interpretation of its message and its mission. But let us be assured that he who steadily pursues the ideal of Jesus is engaged in social service that touches human life, and touches it vitally, at more angles than any other under the sun.

"Thine was the prophet's vision, thine
The exaltation, the divine
Insanity of noble minds,
That never falters nor abates,
But labors and endures and waits,
Till all that it foresees it finds,
Or what it can not find creates."

The Workers' Educational Movement

Daniel Evans

WITH the extension of the suffrage to include the higher artisans, an English nobleman in Parliament declared, "It is necessary to educate our future masters." He had a keen sense of the coming changes in English life and government with the increase in the number of men who had risen to political power. In all democratic countries there has been the same feeling with respect to the common people, but with more faith in them than the aristocratic lord had. We all feel strongly that the safety of democracy, and all the values dependent thereupon, requires an intelligent people. They must know the purpose of government, the meaning of national events, the direction of social forces, and the ability of political parties and the wisdom of proposed policies. But most of the youth in a democracy leave school at fourteen years of age, relatively a small percentage go through the high school, and only the highly favored go through college. The problem of adult education, therefore, is one that confronts all lovers of the common people, and all persons devoted to the democratic form of government.

In England in the middle of the last century, Tom Hughes, Maurice, Kingsley, Ruskin and others saw the problem and worked arduously in their endeavor to solve it, and they did much and well for the working people. A half century later another group took up the same task, and founded Ruskin College in Oxford with the purpose of selecting the highly endowed youth of working people and giving them the advantage and privilege of staying in residence in Oxford and catching the spirit and becoming leaders of their people, and from this college have gone men who have represented labor in Parliament. Feeling that this education was too conservative, and that there was real danger that working youth would leave their class, a Central Labor College was founded in London, which represented the left wing of the labor movement, and from this college have come many of the men who have become the labor union leaders. But neither college, nor both together,

reached the great masses of the workers, and so it became necessary to organize the workers' educational movement, by which in classes, all over Great Britain, conducted by lecturers and tutors from the leading universities, 30,000 or more adult workers are now being taught. It is not strange, then, that the labor movement in Great Britain should be so powerful and intelligent, and that it is now the second party in political standing, and perhaps in a few years will be the first party and in control of the government.

This movement to educate the working people has spread to our own shores. In Boston there is a labor union college, which has given its courses for four years and has had an enrolment of nearly two hundred. In New York the Rand School, with its socialist aims and purposes, has had a large enrolment for several years, and in one of the great high schools, every Sunday, another college for workers holds it sessions. There is now a further development of this movement, in several states, and there has just been organized a National Workers' Educational Bureau. There is, therefore, much ardent hope on the part of these educators that this movement will do as great things here as in Great Britain. Similar movements for education exist in England's colonies, in France, Belgium, Germany and Italy. This shows that the workers themselves the world over are now beginning to recognize their own need of education if they are to be able to play their part in the great democratic experiment, and bring in a better day.

It is interesting to learn that while, naturally enough, the economic courses have the chief place in this great movement, with a close second in the political science courses, yet the cultural courses, like science, history and literature, also have their place, and in the study of these courses these workers, both men and women, find enrichment of their minds and durable satisfaction. The teachers, who gladly give their time and strength to this movement, find an eager group to welcome them and to go with them on the great adventure of thought.

An interesting experiment has been carried on for two summer sessions at Bryn Mawr College. About a hundred working girls from different parts of the country have left their work for a couple of months and have been in residence at the college in the pursuit of their studies, under faculty teachers, and a large corps of tutors. The experiment has been so successful that it will be continued from year to year. What has been done at Bryn Mawr College in Pennsylvania should be done in this vicinity for the working girls of New England. Why not have our splendid Jackson College try this experiment? It would render a noble service if it did so, and without doubt there are persons who would aid in financing it. We pass on the suggestion in a kindly spirit.

The Christian Churches should have a warm welcome for this movement, and give it all possible encouragement, and do all they can to urge the workers to avail themselves of these new educational advantages, and they should themselves do more educational work for the community. The clergy and the Churches were the first to recognize the need and to try to meet it, and they should once more undertake to do their part in the education of the workers. They could easily supplement these labor college courses with courses on "the social teachings of the Christian Church through the centuries," "the social and political movements due to the direct and indirect influence of the Christian religion," "the relation of democracy and the Christian faith in the common man," "the moral ideal of the Christian religion," "the life of the spirit in the modern world," "the practise of brotherhood."

Summer Work of City Churches

Helen Ward Tippy

EVERY year more churches are learning that summer is the time, not for closing the church, or reducing it to a minimum schedule of activities, but for changing work and introducing features which are in harmony with the changed habits of people during the warm months. In order to know what some of the best churches are doing, the Social Service Commission of the Federal Council of Churches, through its department of Community Relations, made a study of the summer work of outstanding churches of different denominations during the summer of 1922. The study was made through questionnaires, visits to communities and personal interviews with pastors and other officials. The Sunday services, programs for religious education, summer camps and outings, arrangements for vacations of paid workers, and the discovery of new and significant experimentation were the chief objects of the inquiry.

In general, the replies indicate that churches in residential and suburban communities tend to discontinue many of their regular activities or to combine with other churches in a community program. Their members are of the group that go away during the hot months. The Hyde Park Congregational Church in Boston is an example of the latter type. During the winter it combines with the Presbyterian, Methodist and Baptist churches in a community Sunday evening service. In the summer the morning service also is a community affair. Each minister has the responsibility for two Sundays. The Sunday school is maintained during the summer, but the departments are combined. Substitute teachers are used entirely, each working a month at a time. The program includes service, outings and hikes and study. A committee has responsibility for games in the open once a week. On the other hand a Methodist church in a residential section of Providence, R. I., although it keeps the Sunday services and Sunday school going, closes the community house with the gymnasium the first of May. It has street preaching in an Italian section of the city.

Downtown churches also tend to cut down on activities or to combine in community plans. Where they have community houses in poorer sections of the city, a full program is generally maintained. At

Trinity Church in Boston, the church school is closed after the first Sunday in June until the first of October. A camp is maintained for boys and girls on the shores of a New Hampshire lake. The unique part of their work is thus described: "We have the upper floo of the old Glover house at Marblehead. It is a very large room, together with kitchenette and bath. The large room has accommodations for four cots, and various women of our parish who are engaged in some business or profession go down with a party of two or three others for week ends, or sometimes for a week or ten days. They have the use of the room free and get their own meals. In this way a great many people secure summer vacations who would otherwise be without them. We call it the 'Upper Room.'"

The Matthewson Street Methodist Episcopal Church, in downtown Providence, keeps its church services and mid-week meeting going but closes the Sunday school and gymnasium. The shower baths are open to any who care to use them. It also has a cafeteria, open to members of the church clubs, in the basement of the church. One of the clubs—the Central Girls' League—has 300 active and 200 inactive members. Ages range from sixteen years up. Most of them are in business. Many are not members of the church but belong to the club for the privileges it brings and especially for the use of the cafeteria. The boys also have a club with 175 to 200 members, and with a junior branch.

The Brick Presbyterian Church in Rochester brings in a series of noted speakers for its summer evening services. It also maintains a well-rounded summer program of social, educational and recreational activities—Sunday school, daily vacation Bible school, summer camp, gymnasium, swimming pool, bowling and billiards. In Lansing, Mich., six downtown churches combine in a Sunday evening community service on the Capitol lawn. St. Bartholomew's, New York, keeps the full choir during the entire summer and opens its pews to all comers. The Marble Collegiate, also of downtown New York, has a wayside pulpit with daily services at 2 p. m., on Twenty-ninth Street at the corner of Fifth Avenue. This reaches the lunch-time throng of Fifth Avenue. St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Boston, has a porch service at night for the passers-by, followed by a regular service in the auditorium.

Industrial and foreign residential churches modify their work but are apt to keep a heavy schedule going. Two examples of the adaptation to such a community are the Morgan Memorial and the Methodist Italian Mission, both of Boston. The Morgan Memorial has a daily vacation Bible school four days a week, and one day an outing at Dorchester with swimming and other out-door games. The departments take turns in going to Dorchester. The Sunday school is maintained in departmentalized form, though the classes are not kept separate. The regular teachers are urged to be present, but the leaders of the departments are responsible for the teaching. The institution owns a farm (200 acres) at South Athol where summer camps are held for men and women, boys and girls, and nursery, and where 100 to 150 of the neediest, physically and mentally, are taken for two months instead of the traditional two or four weeks. This gives them a real opportunity to regain strength. The Morgan Memorial has a rug factory situated on this property which gives employment to many men.

The distinctive work of the Italian Mission in Boston is a daily vacation Bible school conducted on a municipal plan. One hundred and fifty children attend the school. They elect their officers once a week and all are paid in bogus money. There is a mayor, bank president, chief of police with two assistants, street cleaning department (helps the janitor), store keeper, and judge (who is one of the workers). Although the officers are elected by the children, nominations are made by the workers. The program includes Bible work, manual training and recreational activities. Those who attend the Bible session are admitted to the factories and shops (manual training) where they receive thirty cents an hour pay in bogus money. All those who commit misdemeanors are tried by the court, and if found guilty are fined. Fines are also levied for contempt of court. Once a week the children receive their pay checks, which have to be properly endorsed and cashed at the bank. Once a week the store is open and those who have the most money are admitted first. During August, 150 of the neediest (not necessarily the same who have been attending the daily vacation Bible school) are taken to a camp where the same kind of program is carried on.

The Judson Memorial Baptist Church, which is located in Washington Square, New York, and ministers to the tenement district that stretches to the south of it, is performing a real service with its three ice water fountains "where the people of the district may come and get chilled water to drink and take to their hot and stuffy tenements." Many churches are doing the same. Calvary Episcopal Church, New York, for example, has an artistic fountain on its Fourth Avenue frontage.

A unique experiment has been made by the First Methodist Episcopal Church of Boston. The Asbury Grove Camp Meeting Association holds a regular "camp meeting" at the end of the summer, but before this time the camp grounds are used by the poor of the city as a vacation ground. It is ideal for the grown folks, but the children (about 200, of whom nine-tenths are Protestants) unsupervised, have in former years run wild. Last summer, the First Methodist took some of their own children to the grounds and organized there a daily vacation Bible school for all who cared to come. It was so successful that they were asked to continue the work.

Frequent references in these descriptions to daily vacation Bible schools draw attention to the fact that these schools have become the vogue for churches and Sunday School Associations throughout the country. That this should come about is due to the fact that they meet a real need. They keep children off the streets. They offer graded instruction and supervised play in a good environment, and are centers of training for love of country. In 1921, 270,000 children attended these schools.

The Brick Presbyterian Church of New York has a Neighborhood House on Thirty-seventh Street just off of Fifth Avenue for the business girls of the

community (not necessarily members of the church). Here, club rooms and a cafeteria are maintained summer and winter. During the summer, also, a large house and annex are maintained on the mountain in St. Cloud, N. J. The girls are welcome for a day, a week-end, or an entire season if they desire and pay their own way.

The summer camp of St. George's Episcopal Church, New York, faces the ocean at Rockaway Park, Long Island. Here is a large central building with dormitories and pavilion for mothers and children, a week-end cottage, three tiny bungalows for light housekeeping, and a tent for small boys. The central building accommodates sixty at one time; each group is kept for a period of twelve days. No charge is made for this, though each mother is supposed to make an offering of at least $2, and each child at least $1.

An illustration of the magnitude of the out-door recreational work of modern religion is the report of the Woman's Branch of the New York City Mission Society. During the summer of 1922 the society provided two weeks outings for 2,620 children, and day outings for 3,443 others.

In Boston some of the denominational city missionary societies maintain summer camps for their churches. The Congregational Society has a camp at Pomp's Pond, Andover, Mass., for the Congregational children of the city. The Episcopal Society maintains a Mothers' Rest at Revere Beach. There are also six city play-rooms open for five weeks. They average nearly 700 children daily.

One important development of recent years, which began in the Chautauqua movement, and has been used extensively by the Christian Associations, is the summer institute or assembly. Hundreds of these are now held by the various religious bodies and their organized societies throughout the country, by lake side, sea side, river side, or in the mountains. Many thousands of young people, ministers and church workers are thus brought together every summer during their vacations for systematic instruction combined with organized recreation, elevating friendship and inspiring services of public worship. They are able to combine the best intellect of the country because of the appeal which they make to the imagination as well as to consecration. The leadership of the churches is being gradually transformed by these summer time church institutes.

The auto tourists are presenting a new summer problem to the church, especially in the West, and with the establishment of city tourist parks a definite way of reaching them is opened. In the course of a two-months touring trip last summer, I stopped at about eight city parks. In most of them, the churches did not seem to be aware of their opportunity, but there were a few exceptions. In Salt Lake City, one of the churches held a "sing" on the grounds, followed by an informal religious service. Many attended, some of course, purely from curiosity to know what was going on, but others apparently from genuine interest. In Boise, Idaho, we discovered that frequently the tourist becomes the permanent resident. This fact makes the work of the church in the parks doubly important. In the smaller camp grounds it may not be advisable to hold services, but at least the tourists should be invited to the churches and their children to the Sunday schools, and in larger camps both services of worship and Sunday schools are needed. In cities where there are daily vacation Bible schools with supervised recreation, or other summer activities, it would frequently be a real service to the tourists if their children could be admitted.

All through the churches studied, the fundamental spirit of service to the community was evident. Few churches were trying to maintain a service merely because it was customary to have such a service. There was a real adaptation of program to the needs of each situation. As Henry Sloane Coffin says in his book, "In a Day of Social Rebuilding," "Why should there be a second service, or why not a third or a fourth? Why must there be a prayer-meeting, or why not half a dozen? No factory concerns itself chiefly with keeping its machinery going, but with producing goods that are wanted. No Church represents the Son of Man which does not invariably think of itself as not to be ministered unto, but to minister."

Building Better Boys at Camp Roosevelt*

EVERY red-blooded American lad has a bit of the gypsy trait in him that makes him long to spend the summer vacation time camping out. To get back to nature, to build roaring fires, and live a care-free, clean existence, that is a natural desire which every one has, and which, sad to relate, too often never enters the life of the city-bred boy.

At Camp Roosevelt, the national Olympian playground for boys, located near La Porte, Indiana, on Silver Lake, every boy has a chance to fulfil this love of camping out. In addition, he has the chance of a lifetime to play soldier. For here, in wholesome surroundings, the boys learn to sleep in a tent, to wake with the bugle call, pile out as the band marches past, fall in for "setting up," clean up and mess; learn to hike, tramp the woods, drill, stand guard, swim, box, learn to shoot a gun, and go in for athletics of many kinds; to spend half days in summer high school, out in the open, for surveying, botany and other studies. To absorb all these things in a great school of the young soldier, in a splendid period of seven weeks' range every summer; to do these and all the out-door things the average American boy loves best—that is the Camp Roosevelt Idea.

The camp is ideally located for this summer camping expedition, on a tract of several hundred acres with a half mile beach, high, heavily wooded sand dunes, wide sandy plains for tentage and great spaces for parades, drills, and maneuvers of all kinds. The ex

*An account of a unique experiment along the lines of social service which is taking place under the direction of the Chicago Board of Education.

ensive grounds, the tennis courts, innumerable log buildings for print and work shop, combine to make he camp site a real fairyland to the boy campers. Here the boy who is behind in his studies at school nay make up credits. The summer school is an auxliary of the Chicago summer schools, and credits obtained are honored on the same basis as are other Chicago summer school credits. The facilities of the camp school are perfectly marvelous. The boy who wishes to learn printing or woodworking or automobile construction finds a completely equipped workshop, built of concrete, and competent instructors ready to teach him the most approved method of instruction. Zoology, botany, and the other sciences are taught, and natural resources for laboratory analysis are found within the confines of the campgrounds. English, algebra, and all other branches of the high school general course are here taught, by experts in boy psychology, in a wholesome environment, where the mind is fresh and clear, quick to grasp the problems which are confronted.

The boy who prefers only to get the benefit of an out-door vacation, and to build up his physical body in such shape as to better master the coming winter's hardships, finds what he wants in the physical course. That boy who wants to learn leadership, who needs disciplining, or who wants initiative and self-development, selects the military course. And the younger boy, from ten to fourteen, finds suitable companionship in the Junior Division of the camp, where the mysteries of woodlore and campfire are delved into. Seventh and eighth grade subjects are also taught in the summer school for those younger boys who wish to pursue school instruction.

This complete and elastic program enables each boy to do the kind of thing he likes best, at the same time being guided and carefully assisted by a corps of teachers and instructors, under command of Major F. L. Beals, founder of Camp Roosevelt. Major Beals is a man of exceptionally fine character, a student of boys and a lover of boys. He has made the subject of boys his life work, and in founding Camp Roosevelt has introduced to the world at large a unique institution for which there has been a constantly growing need. Major Beals has selected with care the men who assist him in this big undertaking. Officers for military instruction, athletic directors and summer school faculty, Y. M. C. A. secretaries, American Red Cross and Winchester Junior Rifle Corps instructors, all take part in the smooth-running machinery which affords the boy a happy, care-free summer's vacation, and at the same time develops and trains him to become a better American citizen.

This great project would not fulfil the purpose for which it was intended were it to cater to but a select few. In order to make it easily accessible to boys from all walks and stations of life, Major Beals made the camp a philanthropic undertaking. The necessary financial support was secured from prominent Chicago business men, who appreciated at once the good for which the camp was founded. Boys who attend pay but a low fee for attendance, a fee which any boy desirous of attending the camp can earn himself after school hours, if his parents can not afford to send him.

Maude Royden's Message to Americans

Edward H. Cotton

IT is not a great while since we on this side of the water heard of a woman, a communicant of the Church of England, who wanted to preach. We learned that no pulpit in her own Church was open to her, but that eventually she did find the opportunity she wished in another Church. After serving for four years as curate of a little parish, she became lecturer at her university, Oxford, and later was asked by the minister of City Temple, London, to be his assistant. That was the beginning of the speaking career of Miss Maude Royden. To-day she is the foremost woman preacher in the world, and sure to exert a wider and wider influence, for she has the message and she is still young.

As soon as news came that Miss Royden was to visit this country, demands from churches and organizations wanting lectures poured in to such an overwhelming extent that could Miss Royden have extended her stay of two months to two years she could have spoken twice daily and then not have completed her engagements.

Just now it is customary to make much of lecturers from Europe—the Conan Doyles, Einsteins, and Coues. Undoubtedly this custom has enhanced the popularity of Miss Royden; that is, it helped catch the popular fancy. But once the audience is gathered, once Miss Royden is well into her appeal, the people discover that, while they may have gathered to see a woman celebrity, they remain to hear a sound philosophy of living graphically told.

Miss Royden's father was Sir Thomas Royden, late Lord Mayor of Liverpool, and head of the Board of the Cunard Steamship Company. The daughter is a graduate of Lady Margaret College, Oxford University. Well born, well educated, she spent her earlier years working among the miserable and poor of the city of Liverpool. It was there that she obtained that comprehension of the needs of poor people which makes what she says so direct, and applicable to human need. She is a cultured English lady of discerning mind and shrewd insight, but when she speaks, poor, middle class, and rich hear her gladly.

Following one of her afternoon lectures, I rode with her on the train to the city where she was to speak again in the evening. As a visitor from England, she was interested in us here in America with all the eagerness and freshness of a young person away on a holiday adventure.

"Your wooden houses look so chilly!" she exclaimed, as the train passed a row of shabby, cheaply built tenements. "But maybe it is well they are built of wood," she laughed, "for they will not last. Oh, I like your old Colonial houses—there is architectural design."

"But not all our houses are like those tenements, erected for commercial purposes," I said. "We are beginning to build homes which are sensible, comfortable, and beautiful. You will see many of them as you travel farther in this great country."

" 'Great country,' " she repeated. "You Americans like to say that. But I like to hear you, because you mean it. I like your people—it is the generosity and hospitality that impress me most, I think. Ah, I must tell you an instance of my stay in New York. Following my lecture one evening, it was storming, and the lady at whose home I had been entertained sent me a pair of —arctics, I believe you call them, with this polite note: 'Please keep them—if they fit.' "

Miss Royden revealed immediately the independence of her thought when the conversation turned to the controversy between Dr. Percy Stickney Grant and Bishop William T. Manning of New York, over the right of Dr. Grant to remain in the Episcopal Church and declare that Jesus has not equal power with God. "I do not agree with all that Dr. Grant says," she remarked. "And I certainly do not agree with Bishop Manning. At all events, the Bishop can not hurt him. He can reprimand him, but he can not remove him. The power of a bishop in the Episcopal Church is more nominal than real. But oh, these heresy trials! Do they not seem sadly out of place in an age of light and reason? It can not be that any one takes them seriously save the prelates who prefer the charges. Some have said to me that the Episcopal Church in this country is less liberal than the Church of England. I have found it otherwise. Why, last night, in Portland, Bishop Benjamin Brewster, Bishop of Maine, invited me into the pulpit of the Cathedral. That was the first time I ever spoke from a cathedral pulpit. It could not have happened in England. But our English churches are so poorly attended. What is the reason, you ask? There is nothing there for the people when they go. The preacher has no message; the service is dull and lacks variety. Why can't we make the church service more interesting? Make the program appealing enough and persons will attend. For instance, get them to sing. The object of a choir is not to give an elaborate recital, but to lead the congregation. That is what we use the choir for in the City Temple; the people like it, too. The service is for them; the more they can be persuaded to do, the more they will enjoy it. By the way, can you tell me something of Ford Hall, Boston, where I am to speak tonight?"

I explained that it had been given by a Baptist gentleman of liberal tendencies, and on the stipulation that its platform should always stand for liberty of expression, whereupon her expressive face lighted up and her eyes sparkled as she exclaimed: "That will suit me! For I am—yes, I suppose I am a socialist."

The impression one gets of Miss Royden is that she would be an agreeable companion for a long journey. Her mind is well stored with ideas that are her own; she has imagination, and appreciation of the changing scene. In short, she is what Americans would call "good company." Once seen she could hardly be mistaken again. She has personality. It speaks from her kindly brown eyes, her alert, sparkling countenance, her whole generous self. It is this personal appeal she is always making, though unaware that she is making it, which attracts the people. There is nothing particularly striking about her when she is first met, or when she begins to speak. It is not until the conversation or the address develops that the sweep and sympathy of her mind is unloosed.

If there is one thing more than another she is in earnest to perpetuate, it is good-will among the nations, especially among English-speaking peoples. As she says, "The greatest element in world peace is a right understanding among English-speaking races." She asserts, from what she has seen in America, that people everywhere are anxious to see the world set in order again. "Nowhere in the world," she declares, "are people indifferent about world peace, but they are hopeless; they do not know what to do about it. The Great War left the victorious nations more unstable, chaotic, and despairing than it found them. Election and rejection of politicians does not help. We are beginning to fear that nothing good will come out of all these conferences, or election and dismissal of Prime Ministers. I would as soon think of sending my voice to the moon as that politicians can bring order out of European chaos.

"Yet, to future generations this age may appear to have been one of amazing victories of faith and hope. The one thing that remains is the hope of the scientist. When the proposal was made that a canal be dug across the Isthmus of Panama, the scientist did not say that the project opposed the will of God that the Isthmus had been placed there to keep the oceans apart, and yellow fever added to make the engineers stay away. No, he drained the swamp killed the mosquito, and controlled the yellow fever. The history of our race has been the adapting of man to the world. Now science has changed all this and seeks to adapt the world to man. It seeks to discover the causes of disease, to reforest countries and change climates. With magnificent assurance science is working to make the world a place in which men and women may live.

"I do not know to what a state of bankruptcy the next war may reduce America, but Europe is already so reduced.

"Huge, antediluvian creatures have disappeared from the earth because they could not adapt themselves to the world. They went, not because they were not heavily armed, but because they lacked brains. The dinosaur carried an elaborate system of defensive armor on his back. He was huge enough physically speaking. He went, not because he was not heavily armed, but because he lacked brains. The dinosaur was big all over but his head. He found difficulty in getting food. He said: 'I can't change. My grandfather was this way.' Some politicians say we can't change or set the world in order. That is a blasphemy in the face of all our past. Resignation in the face of what the world presents to-day is a vice, not a virtue.

"The scientist has helped us grasp this truth that all the energies that move the world are subject to universal law. All the energies in the universe are

overned by law. We can not escape that truth. Ve can not break that law, or cajole it or bribe it. very one knows that natural laws do not change at ne caprice of man. The entire edifice of modern ving is built up in faith on the trustworthiness of ne universe. God will not hold up your church if ou build it on a quagmire; if the foundation on which ou build is shifting, the house will fall, and all the rayers in the world will not save it.

"Civilization after civilization rises and falls ntil there seems to be a fatality in human nature, nd none can escape. There is this fatality—we ave not sought the spiritual foundation. Will not he agony drive us to the necessary act of faith? Here, here you are free from Europe's fatalism—here, nay there not arise a law that will govern? May you ot find it, and proclaim to a distracted and desperate vorld the way of escape?"

In answer to a question as to what steps the Church may take to prevent war, Miss Royden aid: "The first duty of the Church is to get us out f this horrible slough, to get us on a firm foundation vhere we may work out the peaceful solution. There re many people who loathe war but can see no lternative. Let those who oppose the hope held out y the League of Nations find a better way. Let us be positive in our peacemaking, and find an alternative to war. Our churches are much better at talking than doing. Our peacemakers are a cantankerous set. We must consent to work with all who are working for constructive peace."

She believes the world needs the example of some strong nation actually laying down its arms and organizing for peace. "Two hundred years ago," she said, "gentlemen would not go to an assembly of their fellow citizens without swords by their sides. To-day a gentleman does not need a sword by his side to vindicate his honor, but some man had to set the example. I have defended in England the attitude of America toward the League of Nations. Yet if America would consent to come in now, she could dictate any changes she desired, Europe so much feels the need of her influence. Many of us are so pained at the turn taken by the League that we think America ought to come in, if only to dictate those changes."

It must be that Miss Royden, with so fine a spirit of good-fellowship and so penetrating an insight into international complications, as she travels about the country will convert many to her plan for ending strife, and replacing diplomatic jealousies with mutual trust and good-will.

Cruising Around a Changing World

II Cuba: Before and After Taking

John van Schaick, Jr.

WE are cruising down a sunlit sea to-day, with Cuba in prospect for to-morrow. I have been reading so much about Cuba that it seems intensely real to me this afternoon as we approach it.

I have an inclination to set down what Cuba means to me before I see it, and then to tell honestly how much of it I realize by a brief visit to the island.

Primary and grade school put some things so deep in us that they can never be eradicated. In my case, I have an abiding interest in the invisible lines which mark the globe. I want to get up early to-morrow and realize it when we cross the Tropic of Cancer and enter the Torrid Zone. Havana, toward which we are heading, lies just over the Tropic of Cancer.

We had a lecture on Cuba and were told a few simple facts about it which "every intelligent man ought to know without being told," as a clerical friend remarked.

Cuba is 760 miles long, from twenty to 160 miles wide. If laid upon the United States, it would cover the width of New Jersey and reach from New York to Indianapolis. In area it is a little larger than Ohio.

It has many beautiful harbors, some of them, like Havana and Santiago, almost land-locked, but it is a dangerous coast because of hundreds of coral islands, some six hundred strong out along the northern side and some seven hundred along the southern. What hiding places they made for the freebooters and pirates who infested this region in the old days!

Not flat as many people suppose her, with many lovely mountain ranges, Cuba has her share of picturesque scenery. And in her valleys and coastal plains, she has a soil which produces marvelously. For generations she has been famous for her tobacco. And her sugar is one of the big sources of the world's supply.

Not, however, of the economic Cuba, or the picturesque Cuba, or the winter resort Cuba, am I thinking to-night as we head straight toward it, but of the dramatic things which have happened on and around this island, all the way from Christopher Columbus to Walter Reed and General Gorgas.

"The most beautiful land that human eyes have ever seen," Columbus called it. Down here in the West Indies, one realizes more vividly the flesh and blood Columbus. How hard he had to struggle for what he achieved! How much ingratitude and heartbreak he had to endure! How much he did for all of us in sailing on and on until he reached "this new mainland" or this "part of Asia," as he called Cuba. Somebody else, of course, would have discovered the new world if Columbus had failed, but Columbus did not fail. We must not let Columbus become simply a name. We must try to keep something of his personality clear and distinct.

That whole period of Spanish exploration is associated with these waters through which we are passing as I write.

The old red fourth reader put a glamour around some of the Spanish conquerors which has not faded yet. Ponce de Leon discovered the Florida we now see to the west. Instead of finding that fountain of

youth for which we all long, he got an Indian arrow in him and was carried back to Havana to die. Out of Cuba came De Narvaez with the great expedition of 1528, which was completely swallowed up in Florida—a story of daring and suffering and stupid blundering never to be told until the Everglades give up their dead. And it is easy to-night, as the shadows begin to fall, to see that greatest expedition of all under De Soto start out of Havana harbor "for the conquest of Florida"—knights in glittering armor and shining helmets, with banners streaming and a weight of baggage which doomed them to failure before they started. One can hardly realize that sane men would be so stupid. But the burial of De Soto in the muddy waters of the Mississippi and the tale of his heart-broken wife who sat in Havana watching and waiting for him to come back, all are in the old record.

This old Cuba of the Spaniards, of the pirates, of the various contending nations, appeals to me.

I can see that British fleet of some 200 vessels, on which there was one New England regiment under "Old Put," sailing down here in 1762 to storm Morro Castle and capture Havana. It gave Cuba to England, but she traded it off for Florida the next year, and that trade may explain why Cuba is a republic and Florida a state of our Union, instead of *vice versa.*

Of course the one vitally important and supremely interesting thing about Cuba for most of us is the hundred years struggle of the Cuban people for liberty, terminating in our one hundred days war with Spain, with its Roosevelt and San Juan Hill, its Sampson and Schley.

I am interested in San Juan Hill and El Caney, Santiago Harbor and the south coast, the scene of the desperate dash of Cervera's fleet; I am proud that our boys so bravely and so quickly freed Cuba. If they had not done it, nothing that followed would have been possible. But the really glorious chapter of the history is in the wiping out of yellow fever, the cleaning up of Cuba and the helping the people to establish a government of their own.

I want to see Cuba because there Dr. Walter Reed let mosquitoes infected with yellow fever bite him to demonstrate how the disease is transmitted. And there also Gorgas, acting on the basis of the knowledge for which Walter Reed laid down his life, did one of the finest jobs of public health work ever accomplished anywhere.

Once people going to Cuba, as we are now going, took their lives in their hands, so dreadful were health conditions. Yellow fever, malaria, leprosy and tuberculosis took deadly toll. Now it is as safe in Havana as in New York.

There is one other thing I know about Cuba, and that is how she stood by us in the Great War. When we went into the war, Cuba instantly followed, the first of the American republics. She drafted men and offered them for service. She organized a small fleet to patrol the Gulf of Mexico and Caribbean Sea. She subscribed to our Liberty Loans and gave to our Red Cross, and her big contribution to the war, sugar, she sold to us at prices fixed by our Sugar Equalization Board.

Of course they made money, but citizens of our own country have to be included in that *"they."* More than a billion dollars of our capital is invested in Cuba.

The United States by its Platt Amendment guarantees "the security of life and property in Cuba."

It encouraged and induced American business men to invest in Cuba. Then when hard times came after the war, and prices were tumbling and Cuba, our ward, was in economic distress, we gave her a kick with our emergency tariff legislation of May, 1921.

I have faith that a big country which in the main has behaved so nobly toward this little republic will soon rescind this unjust tariff discrimination. If we claim power, we must accept responsibility for well being. Cuba buys liberally of us and must be given a fair chance at our sugar market.

This is the beautiful Cuba I have seen without going there. I doubt if any shore trip with a Cook's Tour or a Clark's Tour will be able to destroy the Cuba of my dreams.

. . . . . .

They called us at 5.30 a. m., for a 6.15 breakfast, and landed us at 10 a. m. Blame it on the health officer if you choose. I am not blaming anybody. The Cuba of reality was like the Cuba of dreams at 6 a. m., with darkness still over the face of the waters, Venus shining in the east just above a bank of dark clouds, and the dawn showing red on the sky line. The flashing light of Morro Castle showed up far off, and we approached a lovely harbor under the most perfect conditions of climate imaginable. It was worth getting up early to see. And the quiet morning in the steamer chairs, waiting to go ashore, was the best part of the day. Some hundred of my compatriots, I regret to say, stood for two and three hours packed solid in a gangway where it was suffocatingly hot and where they could see nothing, waiting to be the first ones on the tender. A few feet above them was an open deck, easy chairs, a breeze that was cool, a sun that was warm, all the moving panorama of life in the harbor, and interesting views of Havana and green fields beyond. But they got down there to get off, and it was hard to get back.

At last the entire seven hundred of us were set ashore. Various swarthy gentlemen with megaphones shepherded us to automobiles. Again some scores of our less thoughtful compatriots made mad dashes for seats, and it looked as if the well-bred had lost out. They hadn't, however, for there were seats for everybody. Then away we went, through the narrowest of streets, through the widest of avenues, the poor people of the crowded quarters smiling and waving with the innate hospitality characteristic of Latin peoples, little mulatto beggars racing alongside begging for "one cent," on out to see the sights. Everybody had been provided with a printed booklet on which each paragraph was numbered. As we stopped, the megaphones called out the numbers and delivered brief lectures. Thus we did the old Cathedral and the bones of Columbus (although the fact is Columbus' bones never were there, but we kept still about it). We "did" the Students' Memorial, where forty boys were shot. To-day, as above so many other victims of brutal power at home and abroad, the word *"Inocentes,"* or innocent, is inscribed.

The drive along the Malecon, or fashionable sea wall of Havana, on out to the Vedado, the aristocratic suburb and American colony, affords a succession of beautiful views over the ocean and along roads that are lined by palm trees and flowering shrubs. We have picked occasional roses in Washington in January, but here were masses of them, great clumps of purple bougainvilleas, poinsettias, hibiscus, and other things we did not know. We saw country clubs, and golf links, and yacht clubs, and gambling clubs, memorials to Garcia who had the message carried to him, Gomez the Commander-in-Chief of the army of liberation, Maceo the negro general, and at last the extensive camp-ground occupied by our American soldiers in 1898.

We were taken to a cigar factory and shown cigars in the making, at last to a huge hotel where, in a lovely roof garden, we were served with a luncheon which included some of their famous Red Snappers, perfectly prepared, as one of six delicious courses.

Then, after an afternoon spent in desultory shopping and wandering about, the seven hundred were conveyed piecemeal back to the ship.

Yes, it was Cuba, such as tourists can see in a day. Not for one moment did we cherish the illusion that we had more than touched the life of the island. What we did do was all very comfortable. After we landed there were no delays and our little party of three had a car quite to themselves, still it was sightseeing *en masse* and we are not strong yet for that kind of thing. Probably in four months we shall get used to it.

The impressions of my fellow travelers are interesting to me.

"What impressed me most," said one at dinner, "was the Spanish architecture."

"What impressed me," said another, "were the palm trees and tropical flowers."

"And what impressed you?" I said to the Wellesley girl. "The people," she instantly replied. "They looked so different but they seemed so friendly everywhere. Still," she added, "we have to admit that we saw nobody in Cuba who has any influence either in the politics, business or the social life of Cuba."

There was not a lady of the better class visible from the time we landed until we sailed.

The hot weather told severely on our people just out of rugged northern winters. "All in," could have been written above the slumbering forms of the majority as they lay back in steamer chairs and the big lounging chairs of the smoking rooms, after their first day ashore.

"I had all I wanted by 3 p. m.," one gentleman explained as he waked up. "And I," said his neighbor, "can't help thinking that it is a long time until May."

Still, as we slowly made our way out of the harbor and the lights of Havana showed up in a great line stretching from Morro Castle, I felt the same sense of emotion I had felt in approaching Havana at daybreak—only now I could think of it a little more accurately.

That is the real object of the drudgery of travel—to make a foundation for the visions and dreams which, God willing, we will always try to see.

Vest Pocket Lay Sermons

XIV Invisible America

Agricola

WHEN we eulogize a dead friend we recount his good qualities, setting forth his virtues in their brightest aspect, and passing over his defects. These virtues lose nothing by reciting them, but take on an ideal character as they live in the after-glow of memory. What we are really eulogizing is not so much our dead friend as an ideal character who lives in our imagination, but who never had a real flesh and blood existence.

On the Fourth of July we are wont to expatiate on the glories of America, her extent of territory, her wealth and resources, the number of automobiles and radios her people own, her bank deposits, the number of her schoolhouses and factories. And, passing to her history, we describe the soldiers of the Revolution and the Civil War as the bravest soldiers that ever fought in a just cause, her form of government as the noblest ever devised, her institutions as models for all others to follow. We are silent concerning our national defects, our lynchings, our disregard for law, our strikes and wars between capital and labor, our city slums. What we are praising is an invisible America, not the real country we know and are a part of, and whose faults we secretly deplore.

A corrupt government can not win our loyalty or command our willing service, and so we idealize our country and paint it not as it is but as we would like it to be, as it is in our day dreams. We consciously deceive ourselves into asserting and finally believing all the fine and noble things that pride and patriotism induce us to say.

It is not an ignoble fault we have been describing. Human society is held together not by a consciousness of its failures and defects, but by minimizing these in favor of its manifest advantages and necessities. We idealize America and it is this invisible and ideal country we love, in spite of our knowledge of her imperfections. We are willing to sacrifice property and life itself for a government which embodies our highest ideals, for the invisible creation which we set up in place of the government which in fact exists.

Thucydides put into the mouth of Pericles the noblest funeral oration ever delivered over fallen soldiers until Lincoln's speech at Gettysburg. In speaking of the Athenian soldiers who gave their lives for their country he eulogized Athens by ascribing to her impossible and unreal virtues. He described her greatness, her justice in administering the law, the opportunities of her youth for distinction and service, her works of art and the virtues of her citizens.

What he really described was an ideal Athens, knowing full well it was only for such an ideal her citizens would live and if need be die.

There is an invisible America to which we all pay allegiance. It is the America of freedom and opportunity and equality before the law, of justice for rich and poor alike, the America that produces wealth but also the invisible things men live by, kindness, tolerance, sympathy, aspiration. That patriot maintains his love for a government full of imperfections and injustices by a noble belief in an ideal realm which he feels is possible of realization, the country of his dreams, which really lives and glows in his imagination once each year, when the Fourth of July ushers in exploding firecrackers, ringing bells, fulsome oratory, the "bonfires and illuminations" which John Adams prophesied in his immortal speech on the Declaration of Independence.

* * *

CHARACTER AND THE SOCIAL ORDER

To the Editor of the Universalist Leader:

Having read Rev. Oluf Tandberg's article entitled "The Red Flag," in the *Leader*, I would be grateful for the privilege of commenting upon it.

I take issue with him when he voices the widespread idea that personal character is the chief factor in the improvement of the social order. I think history proves this untrue. If it were true, our Civil War would have been a contest between all the good people of the country on one side, and all the bad people on the other. But personal character had very little to do with the sides which men took in that conflict. Economic self-interest had everything to do with it. Good men and bad were on both sides in about equal proportions. But the slaveholders were all on one side, the side on which their bread was buttered. Who are chiefly responsible for adding such "ells" to our "social structure" as Workmen's Compensation and Old Age Pension laws? All the good people? No, the trades-unionists. Who constitute the backbone of the opposition? Wicked people? No, the Associated Industries. And I will wager that, of the two, the gentlemen of the Associated Industries stand the higher in their personal character. I could multiply illustrations, but space forbids. But the facts undoubtedly show that our attitude on economic questions is determined far more by our economic than by our moral status. Ideas, like plants, need the right soil in which to grow. No matter how noble his character, the average member of a privileged economic class will instinctively fear and reject any idea which tends to weaken or destroy his privilege. There are exceptions, but this is the rule.

But while character has only a slight influence upon our economic systems, these have an important effect upon character. Capitalism, for instance, gives to the owners of industry both the opportunity and the incentive to enrich themselves at the expense of the producing workers on the one hand, and of the consuming public on the other. In this way, it engenders, stimulates and cultivates selfishness and greed faster than all the agencies for good combined can uproot and destroy them. In view of all these facts, is it not unreasonable to expect personal character alone to improve conditions? The function of character is to make the individual obedient to the ideals which he holds; it is not to create those ideals. If the personal character of the individual were a guarantee that he would take the right stand on social and economic questions, history would be tremendously changed.

Let no one think that I do not sufficiently value character. I regard it as the supreme end and aim of all our living. My only plea is that we should not expect from it things which it can not, by its very nature, accomplish alone.

Hugh Dunbar.

Attleboro Falls, Mass.

* * *

NAMES OF SECTS

To the Editor of the Universalist Leader:

The discussion as to names of sects is interesting, and perhaps very important. Certainly one may think it of sufficient importance to seek for underlying motives, and even to seek some basis which might focus opinion.

I am old enough to have experienced the impulse to explain why I was a Universalist, and to have passed into freedom from any such impulse. I am old enough to remember very well Dr. Sawyer and others whose antipathy toward Unitarians was greater than toward Methodists.

Two things seem to emerge from various statements concerning the current question: (1) There are very many who are unwilling to renounce affiliation with their respective groups. (2) There are very many who deplore and object to sectarianism.

It is a truism that all progress, if constructive, must be made by compromise. While a positive declaration would be desirable, it may be that only a negative one can be of service—just as Protestant, Universalist, and Unitarian were, in the beginning, negative.

The connotation of "liberal" is, in certain quarters, whether rightly or wrongly, freedom to say anything and believe nothing; and probably this name, with its age-long egotistical implications, could effect no enduring assemblage or segregation of many.

But, if point number two is the real point, might it not be worth while to propose a definite pronouncement on that point, while leaving each person free to retain or choose his fellowship? On that basis I venture a suggestion, renouncing hope of a brief name: The Universalist Fellowship of the Unsectarian Church, The Unitarian Fellowship of the Unsectarian Church; The Baptist Fellowship of the Unsectarian Church; and so on.

I do not know enough about the discussion to know whether this suggestion has any novelty. If it has none, these words may second some motion.

It has been said that the eighteenth century, unable to say *Credo*, had as its special glory a serviceable *Non Credo*. And the world moved ahead fast in the eighteenth century. Possibly again an "I do not believe" may be a means of progress.

At any rate the clogs would have to separate themselves from the spurs.

L. R. Lewis.

Tufts College, Mass.

Philanthropy in Practise

A Partial Report of the Offering Made by Universalist Sunday Schools for the Relief of Sufferers in the Near East

THE appeal for relief of the Armenian orphans and their fellow-sufferers, often repeated, has not lost its force in the Sunday schools of the Universalist Church. It is greatly to the credit of our young people that they have given for the same object year after year with undiminished interest and generosity. And it is greatly to the credit of pastors, superintendents and teachers that they have kept the sad story of Eastern tragedy vital and moving.

Up to Feb. 1, the General Sunday School Association had received from its Christmas offering more than $5,200, which is equal to what had been received at a corresponding date in any preceding year. It should be remembered that this is entirely separate from the gifts that individuals have made through the General Convention and also that many additional payments will be received. It is altogether probable that before the offering accounts are closed on Oct. 1 the total will be as large as that of 1921-22, nearly $8,500.

The money here reported has been paid to the Near East Relief, and we are assured that every cent of it will be forwarded quickly to points of extreme need.

Contributions for Armenian Relief from Universalist Sunday Schools from Oct. 1, 1922, to Feb. 1, 1923

Assinippi, Mass.	$ 5.73
Abington, Mass.	12.75
Albion, N. Y.	33.23
Arlington, Mass.	50.00
Ashuelot, N. H.	10.00
Attleboro, Mass.	89.46
Avon, Ill.	30.00
Bangor, Me.	142.50
Barre, Vt.	10.67
Belleville, Ohio	5.35
Belpre, O.	15.00
Bemis Point, N. Y.	30.00
Beverly, Mass.	10.42
Binghamton, N. Y.	8.00
Blanchester, O.	16.00
Brattleboro, Vt.	28.98
Brewton, Ala.	10.00
Bristol, N. Y. (adop.)	42.00
Bridgeport, Conn.	13.70
Brookline, Mass.	16.00
Brooklyn, N. Y.	5.00
Bryan, Ohio	5.00
Baltimore, Md.	10.30
Boone, Iowa	5.00
Brunswick, Maine	16.22
Cambridge, Mass., First	262.62
Canandaigua, N. Y.	60.00
Canton, Mass.	6.00
Canton, Maine	10.00
Caribou, Maine	8.14
Caribou, Maine, Junior Union	5.00
Chapel Corners, R. I.	24.00
Chattanooga, Tenn.	2.80
Chester Depot, Vt.	3.34
Chicago, Ill., St. Paul's	29.39
Cincinnati, Ohio	68.29
Clarendon, N. Y.	6.00
Cleveland, Ohio	88.78
Clinton, Ill.	7.00
Concord, N. H.	10.50
Cooperstown, N. Y.	17.19
Cortland, N. Y.	6.90
Derby Line, Vt.	251.00
Dexter, Maine	26.40
Dover-Foxcroft, Me.	10.55
East Boston, Mass.	15.00
East Dixfield, Maine	6.10
East Providence, R. I.	40.83
East Liberty, Mich.	25.00
Eaton, Ohio	10.00
Eldorado, Ohio	5.80
Everett, Mass. (add.)	5.00
Fitchburg, Mass.	12.42
Framingham, Mass.	10.67
Franklin, Mass.	25.00
Freeport, Me.	10.00
Galesburg, Ill.	10.00
Galveston, Ind.	9.00
Girard, Pa.	25.98
Gloucester, Annisquam, Mass.	3.68
Gloucester, First	20.00
Greenville, Ohio	2.45
Guilford, Me.	37.38
Halifax, N. S., Canada (adop.)	60.00
Hallowell, Me.	6.35
Henderson, N. Y.	4.00
Hoopeston, Ill.	44.63
Hopkinsville, Ky.	3.06
Hop Bottom, Penn	6.86
Hudson, N. Y.	30.00
Hutchinson, Kansas	10.00
Indianapolis, Ind.	13.14
Jamaica Plain, Mass.	3.30
Jersey, Ohio	5.00
Kent, Ohio	60.00
Kinston, N. C.	7.00
LaCrosse, Wis.	6.26
Lawrence, Mass.	43.17
Leominster, Mass.	20.00
Litchfield, Ill.	3.66
Little Falls, N. Y.	46.50
Lowell, Mass., First	37.69
Lowell, Mass., Grace	31.50
Los Angeles, Cal.	50.20
Ludlow, Vt.	5.00
Lynn, Mass.	172.16
Macedon, N. Y.	20.60
Malden, Mass.	68.41
Marlboro, Mass.	10.51
Marlboro, N. H.	20.34
Mason, Ohio	8.00
Marseilles, Ill.	5.03
Markesan, Wis.	7.75
Meriden, Conn.	60.0
Miami City, Ohio	6.00
Milford, Ohio	13.35
Miami, Florida	4.10
Mitchellville, Iowa	14.36
Methuen, Mass.	94.00
Morris, N. Y.	12.00
Morrisville, Vt.	5.00

Mount Gilead, Ohio	10.00
Mount Pleasant, Iowa	14.24
Montgomery, Ala.	3.00
Mukwonago, Wis.	5.00
Muncie, Ind.	15.00
New Bedford, Mass.	22.88
Newark, N. J.	10.00
New Haven, Conn.	150.00
New Madison, Ohio	31.60
Nashua, N. H.	4.00
Norway, Me.	7.00
Norwich, Conn.	20.00
Norwood, Mass.	36.50
Nottingham, N. H.	5.00
Nunda, N. Y.	66.35
Oakfield, Me.	25.00
Oakland, Cal.	15.00
Oak Park, Ill.	43.73
Oneonta, N. Y.	10.00
Palmer, Mass.	6.00
Pasadena, Cal.	30.00
Pawtucket, R. I.	11.50
Philadelphia, Pa., Restoration	45.50
Pensacola, Florida	6.80
Pittsfield, Me.	31.66
Peoria, Ill.	60.00
Portland, Me., First	58.43
Portsmouth, N. H.	14.69
Providence, R. I., First	55.70
Reading, Penn.	22.00
Rochester, N. Y.	85.08
Rochester, Vt.	20.75
Rockland, Me.	21.60
Rockport, Mass.	12.33
Roxbury, Mass.	85.00
Rumford, Maine	20.00
Salem, Mass.	100.00
Santa Paula, Cal.	40.38
Sangerville, Me.	3.00
St. Johnsbury, Vt.	72.55
Saugus, Mass.	18.34
Schuyler Lake, N. Y.	10.00
Sharpsburg, Ill.	4.50
Smithton, Penn.	16.37
Somerville, Mass., First	32.00
Somerville, Mass., West, (add.)	5.00
Springfield, Mass., St. Paul's	35.00
Springfield, Mass., Second	4.43
Springfield, Vt.	30.37
Springboro, Ohio	10.00
Southbridge, Mass.	87.60
Southold, N. Y. (add.)	6.00
South Paris, Maine	13.62
Stamford, Conn.	54.00
Stoughton, Wis.	6.00
Stockton, Ill.	16.30
Sycamore, Ill.	24.00
Toledo, Ohio	5.00
Table Grove, Ill.	9.65
Urbana, Ill.	21.85
Utica, N. Y.	40.56
Watertown, Mass.	39.00
Washington, Vt.	3.00
Washington, D. C.	40.78
Waltham, Mass.	11.34
Waterville, Me.	24.00
Watertown, N. Y., All Souls Guild (add.)	20.00
Watertown, N. Y., Mrs. Bates' Class (add.)	15.00
Watertown, N. Y., All Souls	51.00
Weymouth, Mass., First	6.10
Westbrook, Me.	30.00
West Paris, Me.	60.00
Mrs. Ella M. Bates, West Paris, Me.	60.00
Wilmington, Vt.	12.00
Winchester, N. H.	10.00
Woodsville, N. H.	70.00
Worcester, Mass., First	25.00
Worcester, Mass., First, Mrs. J. P. Jones	35.00
Mr. George W. Shinn	20.00
Tacoma, Wash.	10.00
Woonsocket, R. I.	104.11
Miscellaneous	.50
	$5,212.54

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THE PARABLES OF SAFED THE SAGE

The Parable of the Old Stars

I SPAKE unto an Astronomer, saying, How canst thou tell the Age of a Star? Hath the Firmament a Family History, and are Birthdays celebrated in the Celestial Spaces?

And he said, The Stars that are newest, that have been burning only a Few Billions of Years, burn with a White Light; but those that are older burn with a Light more Red.

And I said, That soundeth like good sense. And do Stars learn wisdom as they grow older, or do they repeat the Follies of Youth as long as they shine?

And he said, Too recently have we begun to study the Behaviour of Stars for me to give unto thee a full account of their Conduct, but so far as we are able to Measure the Motions of the Fixed Stars, it appeareth that the Old Stars move faster than the Newer Ones.

And I said, That doth interest me; for in this world, the Younger Generation doth keep the Older One panting to keep up, and it is good to know that there is some place where Age doth set the pace, and Youth giveth unto Age a Good Run for its Money.

And he said, We are all moving too fast. Men are killing themselves of Overwork.

And I said, I have buried a Thousand Men, and if any one of them worked himelf to death, I have forgotten it. Men die of Worry, but not of Work. They die of having too little to do more often than they die of having too much to do.

And he said, Nay, but men are going The Pace that Killeth.

And I said, An eminent Physician hath recently told us that the Pace that Killeth is a Crawl. Folk grow Sluggish, and lose their Ambition, and they Overeat and Underexercise; then do they die, as they deserve. But he that worketh hard, that man liveth and cumbereth not the ground.

And he said, What about the Stars?

And I said, There cometh a time when the Glaring White Light of a Star taketh on it the More Mellow light of age; yet doth it shine and travel. Yea, and because in youth it learned to Watch its Step, therefore now may it Go Some, and it goeth.

And I said, In our younger years, I and Keturah had many things to consider, and much to plan for and protect and we trod steadily and kept pace with the children. But now our children are grown, and our Liabilities are Less; we are two Red Stars, and we are traveling well together. And we shall live longer because we travel fast.

THE NATIONAL MEMORIAL CHURCH AND THE PERIN-CATE HOUSE

More Comments

The *Leader* numbers featuring the proposed National Memorial Church bring home to us very vividly and appealingly the worthfulness of this undertaking, and the need of the co-operation of every Universalist in the denomination.

Edwin Cunningham.

Indianapolis, Ind.

The first number of our *Leader* for 1923 will, in my opinion, be worth much more than its cost to get this fine issue before our entire public.

L. H. Robinson.

Albion, N. Y.

The New Year's *Leader* was to my notion the best special we have had since specials have become the order. From the descriptions given, the Memorial Church promises all that we can ask. I would not dare to make suggestions without the plans and specifications before me. It seems that we shall have a worthy memorial to our faith where it will be most useful.

C. E. Petty.

Binghamton, N. Y.

The time has come for us to do some big things, and to do them in a big way. The appearance of the New Year's *Leader* convinced me we had started the year in a big way. I am pleased to say that some of my people feel the same way.

My complaint too often has been that we are too contented to let others carry away our altar, our message and our men. We have more reason to-day to stand out than ever in the history of our faith. I am glad to see the *Leader* developing fight, and the Fundamentalists are not the only ones who need attacking. Don't make the *Leader* a "Journal of To-morrow," we may not live so long; make it a journal of to-day, it is all we are sure of.

Clarence J. Harris.

New York City.

Personally, as an overseas man, I think the project of a National Church will be one of the great things of the future. It will be a denominational asset even far in advance of our present vision. The history of our country shows we are a people who make the fighting men of to-day factors in the government of to-morrow.

J. A. Judge.

Oneonta, New York.

I consider the New Year's number of the *Leader* one of the very best I have ever seen and read. It breathes with the spirit of progress. It flings forth a challenge no loyal Universalist can resist. All hail the Washington Church and Perin-Cate Memorials. I am having the full page pictures as they appeared in the *Leader* neatly framed and placed in the auditorium of the North Chapel that my people may catch the vision of the greater Universalist Church.

W. A. Cate.

Woodstock, Vt.

The New Year's number of the *Leader* excelled in almost every way. It was good to look at, it was filled to overflowing with matter of interest, it was constructive, and above all, it was prophetic of a larger and better Universalist Church. The management deserves and has our thanks.

Thomas Chapman.

Belpre, Ohio.

The Memorial Church at Washington will be a reality in those homes where the *Leader* of Dec. 30, 1922, has gone.

Harry M. Wright.

Kent, Ohio.

The New Year's number of the *Leader* was an eloquent testimony to the faith and vision of Universalist leadership. To realize the forward looking program of the Church is a tremendous challenge that comes to every believer in the Christian religion. The things aspired to will be worthily symbolized in the contemplated Washington Church and the Perin-Cate House in Japan, witnessing as they will the eternal gratitude of those in the ever-present to those of the yesterdays who lived and died in the faith, honoring God, serving men.

Robert Tipton.

North Olmstead, Ohio.

We certainly appreciate the endeavor which gave us the New Year's *Leader*. Somehow, it satisfied a longing in our hearts for the "best voice of our great faith." May the good work go on.

W. R. Rowland.

Blanchester, Ohio.

The New Year's number shows that painstaking effort which makes for the best. As a pastor and former newspaper man I congratulate you on the material and the make-up.

E. Ellis.

Morrisville, Vt.

The New Year's issue of the *Universalist Leader* was a great achievement. May it be only the beginning of great things for our beloved Church.

Clarence A. Simmons.

Washington, Vt.

I have just been reading the *Leader*, which came this noon, and I wish I had a thousand tongues, and a thousand hands, and a thousand feet that I could use in the glorious work of our Church which the *Leader* outlines this week. I wish I could reach every Universalist in the United States with a flame of spiritual fire and organize them into a great army moving on to a victorious campaign in carrying out the splendid work mapped out for our Church.

Now is the time for the Universalist Church to come to the front as the great leading Church of the world. We have been leading the world but the world did not know it, and many of our people were too dull or indifferent to comprehend the fact and too slow to take advantage of it. Now is the day of coming victory. Now every Universalist should wake up and strike while the iron is hot.

J. H. Little.

Bethel, Maine.

The New Year's number of the *Leader* was to me most interesting reading. It was a wonderful number and was so considered by those in the parish who read the copies that you sent here for distribution. It shows that the denominational leaders are doing things.

T. L. Drury.

St. Albans, Vt.

I assure you of my enthusiastic approval of the National Church edifice and the Perin-Cate House. I shall be glad to assist to the best of my ability. May the good work push through to success. It takes a worthy goal like this to put dynamic life into an organization and to spell success.

G. Atwood Manley.

Canton, New York.

* * *

THE CHILDREN WHO WORK

Herbert Hoover said last summer: "The waste of child life in labor, whether viewed economically or in terms of universal and human betterment, is a blight that in its measure is more deplorable than war itself."

The census of 1920 gives more than a million answers to the question, "Is child labor over?" Child labor goes on in mills and factories, in tenement homes, on streets and in fields, all over the country. And each individual who joins the ranks of the wage earners while yet a child loses many of the most important things of life.

A child who works eight hours a day—and many work nine, ten and even eleven—is deprived of play, which is Nature's own way of developing and preparing a child for mature life, of the education that to-day is so important a part of the social equipment of every boy and girl, of the normal development that is the right of every growing human being.

One out of every twelve children between the ages of ten and fifteen years in the United States, is gainfully employed, according to the census of 1920. No one knows how many child laborers there are under ten because no official count has been made. Hundreds as young as five years are found working in sugar beet, onion and cotton fields, on streets and in tenement home work. Out of 1,000 children recently examined in Colorado beet fields, 700 were found with deformities more or less serious. Of the children from ten to fifteen years working in the canneries of the Gulf Coast, one out of every four is illiterate.

One-half of the 5,000 children between the ages of five and fifteen doing factory work in their homes in Rhode Island could not earn as much as five cents an hour; $4.30 is the average beginning wage of children who leave school at fourteen. After three years of work these children are able to earn an average of only $6.85 a week.

The earliest possible termination of this evil, by state action or federal control, or both, is an urgent matter—a charge upon conscience and patriotism.

Much has already been accomplished. Since the National Child Labor Committee was organized in 1904, every state has made some improvement in its child labor and school laws. To-day forty-six states (as against thirteen in 1904) have a fourteen-year-age limit for factory work. Thirty-two (as against one in 1904) have an eight-hour day for factory children under sixteen and forty-two states (as against five in 1904) prohibit night work for children under sixteen. Mothers' pension laws and children's scholarships have been established in many states; technical training in the schools has been advanced; child labor and compulsory school laws are better enforced.

Yet the child labor laws of twenty-seven states, in one respect or another, fall below the very moderate standards incorporated in the first and second federal laws, both of which the United States Supreme Court declared unconstitutional, while lauding their purpose, and both of which had been enacted in response to the demand of the people of the nation for federal action. Reason for that demand still exists in the slowness and inadequacy of state action, in the complaints of employers in the high standard states that they suffer from the competition of low standard states, in the consequent difficulties of law enforcement in high standard states; in the right of consumers to know that goods made in America are not made at the expense of little children; in the helplessness of individual states to safeguard the quality of their citizenship when they receive from other states the products of child labor; in the fact that child labor is a national evil involving loss and damage to the man power of the nation.

To meet the need for a constitutional amendment giving Congress the power to pass a direct child labor law, Senator Medill McCormick of Illinois has introduced in Congress Senate Joint Resolution No. 232, which has been endorsed by over twenty leading national organizations and government departments. This resolution is now awaiting action by the Senate.—*Federal Council Bulletin.*

* * *

GIVING*

By answering the questions "Why we give," "How we decide what to give," and "How much we do give," Miss Lillian Brandt achieves a workable answer to that important question common to all of us, "How much shall I give?" The first section of her valuable little book is devoted to an analysis of motives for giving. These she lists under sympathy for suffering, desire for divine approval, to meet the expectations of associates, because of familiarity, through a sense of loyalty, for the pleasure of doing good. Our decision as to how much we give is determined, she has discovered, by the extent of the suffering, the responsibility felt by the individual, taxation and tax exemption, rival interests, and tradition and habit. Then, by a series of statistical studies, Miss Brandt gives us a fair idea of how much we really do give. These statistics of hers, necessarily very incomplete and sketchy, are based on budget studies, deductions for charitable gifts made on income tax returns, and whatever data could be gained from war chest scales and records of donations kept by welfare federations. Here she calls attention to the fact that the old belief that every community had a more or less definite "fund of benevolence" which could be drawn upon only up to a certain limit, has been disproved by the extensive, limitless giving during and since the war.

Miss Brandt turns to history to follow the development of the ideas and ideals of benevolence and charity. She quotes for us the Babylonians and Egyptians, the Greeks and Romans and Jews, and traces the Christian theories on the subject through the Middle Ages, marking the influence of feudalism and Protestantism, up to the present day of systematized "social service." To give blindly is now considered reprehensible. Our social agencies have to be investigated. We have laws covering their methods of work, and their use of funds. We demand tangible results from our contributions. In the matter of giving intelligence has taken the place of emotionalism to a great extent. "To urge the public to 'consult the head for business and the heart for charity' is the supreme insult both to business and to charity—and to the public."

Miss Brandt does not pretend to evolve any hard and fast rule on which we may all rely with simple satisfaction. She gives us what she calls a "pragmatic formula" which reads as follows: "A man can afford, and ought, to contribute to philanthropic purposes such a part of his income as his informed intelligence, guided by a sincere concern for the common welfare, dictates; and this amount he can afford, and ought, to give, 'even though he be the poorest man in Israel.'" In other words, she insists that each one of us must think seriously and carefully about the matter for himself.

*How Much Shall I Give? By Lilian Brandt.

Home and Children

DAY BY DAY

I heard a voice at evening softly say,
Bear not thy yesterday into to-morrow,
Nor load this week with last week's load of sorrow,
To weight the present with the by and by;
Lift all thy burdens as they come, nor try
One step and then another, take thy way—
Live day by day.

Live day by day.
Why art thou bending toward the backward way?
One summit and another thou shalt mount;
Why stop at every round the space to count?
The past mistakes, if thou must still remember,
Watch not the ashes of the dying ember.
Kindle thy hope. Put all thy fears away,
Live day by day.

Exchange.

* * *

THE LITTLE TEMPLE OF THE TWENTY BELLS

ONCE upon a time there was a little temple in a toy garden—you know those little Japanese toy gardens that are made in a round, low dish or oblong tray. Well, this was just that sort, and the little boy who owned it called the temple the Little Temple of the Twenty Bells, because upon the twenty corners of the temple, which looked as though it had one roof right above another, there were twenty tiny bells.

From the Little Temple of the Twenty Bells you could see all that was going on in the garden. You could look up at the mountain behind called Fujiyama and across a little valley to another mountain and down a winding path to the small river, and you could see small figures of men and women and storks and a deer and water birds, and an owl fastened into a tree, and many such things.

One night Harold had been playing with the garden, which was on a low table in the bay window of his nursery. The full moon had risen early and made the room so light that for fun he did not ask his mother or his nurse to turn on the electric light.

Well, all at once, as Harold sat watching what was going on in the little garden, he heard the twenty tiny bells on the temple corners begin to ring. They never had rung in the daytime, for they were made of clay like the rest of the temple. But now they tinkled a soft, Japanese tinkle.

"Hoot, whoo-oo, whoo-oo!" said the little owl up in the pine tree. "What a fine night. Just the sort of night for me to fly!" and Harold saw him fly across the valley to another tall pine tree near the Little Temple of the Twenty Bells.

There was a little splashing sound down on the river, and round a bend of it came the little boat that Harold had moored near a real, growing water plant. Its sail filled with the wind, and on it came till it reached the wishing bridge. There it stopped, and out came a gangplank to the shore, and off the gangplank stepped a man with a bale over his shoulder. He went up to the top of the bridge.

"I wish," said he, "to have a safe journey with this bale of silk, up the lonely path to the Temple of the Twenty Bells."

Then he went down to the shore and began to walk up the long, lonely, winding path.

"Wait a minute," said a stork that had been standing on one foot in the water. "I heard your wish, and I will make it come true across these colored sands by going with you as far as the old stone lantern where the rocks begin." Harold saw the stork walk with the man across the colored sands at some distance from the river bank. The stork bowed when the man thanked him, and went home.

"You made a wish on the wishing bridge," said the lantern, "and I will make it come true as far as my light will go." And all at once a bright light shone from the holes in the side of the lantern, and the man walked far up the path after thanking the lantern, which blinked back at him.

The light helped him to the next turn, and in the last faint rays of it he saw a deer standing.

"Your wish on the wishing bridge will come true so far as I can help you," said the deer, and walked by the man's side a long way when only starlight and the moon showed the path. Then the deer had to go off into the woods, but the man saw a little tea house standing just beside the nearest tree.

A young girl came out and said, "Your wish on the wishing bridge will come true for the next mile, but have some tea to rest you." And she brought him a tiny pot of tea and a plate of rice cakes. Then she had her servant walk with the man a mile, and that brought him to the woods behind which stood the Temple of the Twenty Bells. The man thanked the servant, who went back, and all at once there was a little whir of wings, and "Whoo-oo?" said the owl. "Is it you? Your wish will come true, for I'll take you the rest of the way." And he flew low in the trees, and guided the man to the temple steps, where stood a funny little priest.

"Your present of fine silk for my temple is received with thanks," said the priest, "and for your reward you shall stay here and rest and hear the music of the twenty bells. They ring only once like this when the moon is full. Listen well, for you will hear the sweetest voice in the world."

Why, it *was* the sweetest voice in the whole world! It was mother's, and there she stood ready to put Harold into his soft bed!—*Blanche Elizabeth Wade in Youth's Companion.*

* * *

THE PERILS OF EDUCATION

Whenever old Eben Toothaker doesn't understand what you say he says, "What say?" So do his neighbors. It is not strange that he doesn't understand his college boy son's way of asking the same question.

Old Eben's wife noticed that he was somewhat depressed the evening after the boy had got back to the farm from his first year at college. "What's the matter, Eben?" she asked.

"Mary, I've spent nine hundred dollars on that boy's education, and I'm afraid it's wasted," said Eben. "He don't know as much as he did when he went to college."

"Why, what do you mean, father?"

"Well, to-night I said to him that it looked to me 'sif it might rain to-morrow, and what do ye s'pose he said?"

"Why, I don't know. What did he say?"

"Well, sir, he begged my pardon!"—*Youth's Companion.*

Poems for Easter

THE SECOND CRUCIFIXION

Loud mockers in the roaring street
Say Christ is crucified again:
Twice pierced his gospel-bearing feet,
Twice broken his great heart in vain.

I hear, and to myself I smile,
For Christ talks with me all the while.

No angel now to roll the stone
From off his unawaking sleep,
In vain shall Mary watch alone,
In vain the soldiers vigil keep.

Yet while they deem my Lord is dead
My eyes are on his shining head.

Ah! never more shall Mary hear
That voice, exceeding sweet and low,
Within the garden calling clear:
Her Lord is gone, and she must go.

Yet all the while my Lord I meet
In every London lane and street.

Poor Lazarus shall wait in vain,
And Bartimeus still go blind;
The healing hem shall ne'er again
Be touched by suffering humankind.

Yet all the while I see them rest,
The poor and outcast, on his breast.

No more unto the stubborn heart
With gentle knocking shall he plead,
No more the mystic pity start,
For Christ twice dead is dead indeed:

So in the street I hear men say—
Yet Christ is with me all the day.

Richard Le Gallienne.

* *

UNBELIEF

There is no unbelief;
Whoever plants a seed beneath the sod
And waits to see it push away the clod—
He trusts in God.

Whoever says when clouds are in the sky:
"Be patient, heart; light breaketh by and by,"
Trusts the Most High.

Whoever sees 'neath winter's field of snow
The silent harvest of the future grow,
God's power must know.

Whoever lies down on his couch to sleep,
Content to lock each sense in slumber deep,
Knows God will keep.

Whoever says, "To-morrow," "The Unknown,"
"The Future," trusts the Power alone
He dares disown.

The heart that looks on when eyelids close,
And dares to live when life has woes—
God's comfort knows.

There is no unbelief;
And day by day, unconsciously,
The heart lives by that faith the lips deny—
God knoweth why!

Owen Meredith.

* *

BECAUSE I HAVE LOVED LIFE

Because I have loved life, I shall have no sorrow to die.
I have sent up my gladness on wings, to be lost in the blue of the sky.
I have run and leaped with the rain, I have taken the wind to my breast.
My cheek like a drowsy child to the face of the earth I have pressed.

Because I have loved life, I shall have no sorrow to die.
I have kissed young Love on the lips. I have heard his song to the end.
I have struck my hand like a seal in the loyal hand of a friend.
I have known the peace of heaven, the comfort of work done well.
I have longed for death in the darkness and risen alive out of hell.

Because I have loved life, I shall have no sorrow to die.
I give a share of my soul to the world where my course is run.
I know that another shall finish the task I must leave undone.
I know that no flower, no flint, was in vain on the path I trod.
As one looks on a face through a window, through life I have looked on God.
Because I have loved life, I shall have no sorrow to die.

Amelia Josephine Burr.

* *

AT THE TOP OF THE ROAD

"But, Lord," she said, "my shoulders still are strong—
I have been used to bear the load so long;

"And see, the hill is passed, and smooth the road . . .
"Yet," said the Stranger," yield me now thy load."

Gently he took it from her, and she stood
Straight-limbed and lithe, in new-found maidenhood,

Amid long, sunlit fields; around them sprang
A tender breeze, and birds and rivers sang.

"My Lord," she said, "the land is very fair!"
Smiling, he answered: "Was it not so there?"

"There?" In her voice a wondering question lay:
"Was I not always here, then, as to-day?"

He turned to her with strange, deep eyes aflame:
"Knowest thou not this kingdom? Nor my name?"

"Nay," she replied, "but this I understand,
That thou art Lord of Life in this dear land!"

"Yea, child," he murmured, scarce above his breath:
"Lord of the land! But men have named me Death."

Charles Buxton Going.

* *

THERE IS NO DEATH

There is no death! The stars go down
To rise upon some fairer shore,
And bright in heaven's jeweled crown
They shine forevermore.

There is no death! The dust we tread
Shall change beneath the summer showers
To golden grain or mellow fruit
Or rainbow-tinted flowers.

The granite rocks disorganize
To feed the hungry moss they bear;
The forest leaves drink daily life
From out the viewless air.

There is no death! The leaves may fall,
The flowers may fade and pass away—
They only wait, through wintry hours,
The coming of the May.

There is no death! An Angel form
Walks o'er the earth with silent tread;
He bears our best loved things away,
And then we call them "dead."

He leaves our hearts all desolate—
He plucks our fairest, sweetest flowers;
Transplanted into bliss, they now
Adorn immortal bowers.

The bird-like voice, whose joyous tones
Made glad this scene of sin and strife,
Sings now an everlasting song,
Around the tree of life.

Where'er he sees a smile too bright,
Or heart too pure for taint and vice,
He bears it to that world of light,
To dwell in Paradise.

Born unto that undying life,
They leave us but to come again;
What joy to welcome them—the same
Except in sin and pain.

And ever near us, though unseen,
The dear immortal spirits tread;
For all the boundless Universe
Is life—there are no dead.

John L. McCreery.

The W. N. M. A.

Conducted by Miss Susan M. Andrews, 176 Newbury St., Boston, Mass.

LOOKING AHEAD

In spite of the fact that snow is still three and four feet deep in certain places where I am traveling just at present, many people are thinking in terms of spring and the planting of a garden. Already into several homes has come the annual seed catalog—that book so full of promises. Glancing through certain editions of late I have realized as never before how dull and uninteresting the average collection of dry seeds or bulbs would be, if we had no vision of what they may become. As it is we plant them, care for them, and wait patiently for the blossoming because we have a knowledge of that wonderful God-given power within each one.

It has seemed to me that this thought carried with it another—the truth of which should become at once the incentive to great activity throughout our Association, and it is this: Every girl, every young woman, in our Church to-day has within her the possibility of becoming a missionary-minded woman, one who realizes to the full the real meaning of Christian missions and who seeks in every way to fulfill her responsibility toward them. Whether she becomes such or not depends largely upon our ability to realize the existence of these potential missionary qualities, even though they may not appear on the surface just now, and to nurture and draw them out.

It was with the thought of doing this very thing that the first young women's missionary organization was formed many years ago. Since that time their number has increased, and there is in almost every denomination to-day a movement to bring all such groups together under a common name and to unite them in a common purpose. Thus we have the World Wide Guild of the Baptist Church, the Westminster Guild of the Presbyterian Church, the League for Service of the Dutch Reformed Church and many others.

For years certain of our women had felt that Universalists should carry out a similar plan, and in 1917 the Clara Barton Guild became the official organization for our young women. Its purpose is to bind together our girls and young women, to develop them in Christian character and service. Through a study of world conditions and needs, through prayer and through giving, it aims to deepen their interest in missionary work in this country and over seas, and to make each one realize her responsibility to Christ's great command.

As an organization bearing the name of the founder of the American Red Cross, the Guild will serve that society in any time of need. Just as Clara Barton, with absolute forgetfulness of self, stood ready o answer every request for relief or contructive service, so each guild is expected to heed and respond to any call. In fact the motto of the organization is "Not to be ministered unto, but to minister."

The awakened interest and desire to express in some tangible way is met through a supplementary program of handwork—the making of garments and other things in response to local need, or for the use of our missionaries.

Financially the Guild supports the Midori Kindergarten in Japan, quotas being assigned for this purpose. Its home project will be the responsibility of the welfare work which is to be carried on at the Clara Barton Birthplace.

Gradually as our young women find their places in the Guild the word missionary takes on new meaning. Once, perhaps, the mere mention of it suggested only heathen and cannibals, a movement peculiar to distant, unknown lands, and carried on by a group of rather uninteresting persons. A little present day information clears away these old ideas and prejudices.

Will you not give the Guild a larger place in your thoughts and plans this year? In spite of the fact that the organization is steadily growing, its complete success in each state depends in many ways upon the attitude of the women. It rests with each one whether through her indifference she shall hinder its growth or through her hearty co-operation she shall help it attain the worthy aims for which it was established.

Susan M. Andrews.

St. Johnsbury, Vt.

Sunday School Search Lights

The address of the General Sunday School Association of the Universalist Church is 176 Newbury Street, Boston, Mass.

CALIFORNIA SCHOOLS

The California sunshine is in the Universalist Sunday schools of the state, if the observations made on one hurried trip are correct. In every one of them there is courage and good cheer. And in every one of them there are typical California boosters, who are boosting their schools, as well as other good things in the state. But why should it not be so, when the state has 40 per cent of its active ministerial force made up of former officers of the General Sunday School Association?

There is not room to tell of all the good things which I saw; just a sentence or two about each.

Pasadena is looking forward to the completion of its new church and parish house; the latter is expected to be ready for use in the early spring. No Universalist Sunday school anywhere will have a better equipment then.

Los Angeles is using a series of lessons being prepared by Dr. Nash, and being adapted for use in practically all the classes. They are giving excellent satisfaction—"bully" and "a knock-out" being some of the comments made on them. Most of the officers and many of the teachers are Y. P. C. U. trained. The church has shown its wisdom in using its young men and women in these positions of responsibility and service.

Riverside is beginning to talk of an addition to the building that will provide more room for the school. A class of high school boys is being gathered together by a young man, a student in the University of Southern California, and is meeting in a room in one of the buildings of the public library.

Santa Paula is doing a rather unusual thing in its young people's class, taught by Rev. F. L. Masseck, who is using as a text book, "Art Studies in the Life of Christ," and finding it very satisfactory. Few schools of its size are so well equipped as this.

Oakland meets in the hotel, where the church services are held. The little folks meet during the church service. The main school, which by the way makes most effective use of the slogans, is not large but the spirit is of the best.

That last sentence is true of all our work in the entire state.

Stanley Manning.

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DR. DODGE IS GENEROUS

Any one who has visited Murray Grove will remember the three extracts from John Murray's Autobiography which hang in a triple frame in the room of prayer at the Potter House. They were presented by Dr. Henry Nehemiah Dodge, author of "Christus Victor."

Dr. Dodge writes that he has duplicate sheets that he is willing to present to any Sunday school that will agree to have them framed. Two sheets, 10 by 17 1-2 inches, contain "God the Father of All Men" and "All Men Children of God," and the other, 12 1-2 by 17 1-2, contains "John Murray's Prayer." If used, they should be placed in a triple frame.

Here is an opportunity for our Sunday schools to secure something interesting and beautiful. Apply to the General Sunday School Association.

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NEW SCHOOLS

Three more names are added to our list of New Schools:

Nortonville, Ky.

Florala, Ala.

East Aurora, N. Y.

This makes seven since the Worcester Convention. We are watching for news of number eight.

Young People's Christian Union

THE DIRECTOR'S DATES

Feb. 17. Western Massachusetts Banquet, Framingham.

Feb. 18. Morning, Arlington, Mass.; evening, Saugus, Mass.

Feb. 25. Morning, Haverhill, Mass.; evening, Gloucester, Mass.

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APOLOGIES

It has been said that a man with a good memory is one who has a secretary who knows where things are. I did not have my memory along with me on the trip to California, and so in reporting my adventures I missed three important points. Perhaps the fact that I gained nearly a week's time so far as getting copy for the *Leader* was concerned, may have had something to do with it. At any rate I humbly apologize for jumping silently from Santa Barbara to Minneapolis without a word about Oakland, Palo Alto or Tacoma.

* *

B. C. 7

This is not a date in ancient history, but means that for seven years Bernard Clinton Ruggles has been holding the fort at Oakland. If a man who can make two blades of grass grow where only one grew before is deserving of honor, how much more is one who can make a real, live church grow where there was none before, at least for twenty years? This is what has been done in Oakland. Here are a few things that I found: a church which turns out a Sunday morning congregation of 135 at this time of year—a figure that will increase steadily until Easter, when the size of the congregation will be limited only by the size of the room available, which means something more than eight hundred; a chorus choir of young people in process of organization, which it is hoped to enlist in the Y. P. C. U.; a ladies' society whose leaders have been Universalists all their lives, and who are as devoted to the church, locally and denominationally, as any one could wish; a Sunday school, not large, but excellent in spirit, and growing; the beginning of a building fund large enough to purchase a lot for the church which it is hoped to build in 1925; and last, and perhaps most important of all, a minister and a minister's wife who have given themselves to the self-imposed task of building and growing a church. I do not know of a mission church that has done so well in so short a time with as little help from the denominational treasury as this one.

Bernie Ruggles is preaching Universalism—and he isn't afraid of the name. His point of view is not the same as some of the rest of us, for he is emphasizing the application of the Gospel of God's universal Fatherhood to the health and happiness of every one to-day. This is no more one-sided than is the Universalism preached by many of our ministers who are ardent advocates of social reform or progress or change. It is no more one-sided than the Universalism of Hosea Ballou and John Murray, whose preaching was largely a matter of theological argument. The fact is that each of us preaches the thing as he sees it for the good of men as they are right around us. And that has always been the genius of success in the ministry: to take the old Gospel and so present and practise it that it shall transform human living here and now and make it better. Bernie Ruggles is doing that, and preaching to a congregation far above the average of the denomination.

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PALO ALTO

If I were selecting a college simply for the beauty of its buildings and environment, I think I should choose Leland Stanford. I know nothing about its other attractions, but an hour on its campus convinced me of this much. From the railroad station one walks for over half a mile along a beautiful boulevard shaded with pines and palms before he sees a single one of the University buildings. Then immediately before him is Jordan Hall, and others connected with it by colonnades, and through the Memorial Court is the Chapel, without exception the most soul-satisfying house of worship I have seen. I reached Palo Alto early enough Sunday afternoon, after the morning in Oakland, to hear a part of the organ recital. This chapel is one of the few places indoors where I could almost conscientiously sing,

"There I would forever stay,
Weep, and gaze my soul away."

There may be more beautiful churches in the world, but if there are, one might well make a journey of seven thousand miles to visit one of them. The half hour there in the Stanford Chapel was worth the trip across the continent and back.

The chief object of my visit to Palo Alto was to meet with the young people of the Unitarian Church, where Rev. Elmo A. Robinson is minister. He is one who has stepped across denominational lines, both in his preparation for and in his work in the ministry, and believes them to be something like Elbert Hubbard's definition of time: "a hypothesis based on an illusion." There is no doubt in my mind that there will be more and more of this among liberal churches and ministers, not only in the direction of our Unitarian brethren, but also in that of the liberal Congregationalists, and perhaps others, with whom we have a no less vital fellowship.

* *

TACOMA, WASH.

Our outpost on the northwest coast is another place where the application of Universalism to healing the ills of body and mind is receiving marked emphasis. My visit was very short, only a few hours, but I had time to attend Rev. Henry Victor Morgan's Tuesday afternoon class, and speak for a few minutes at its close, and then to address a larger gathering of the people of the church in the evening. One very tangible result was an offering for the Perin-Cate House, which will be followed later by a larger one for the National Memorial Church.

If all our churches were as ready to cooperate with the work of the denomination in proportion to their opportunities for fellowship, we should have immensely better team work in the church. Tacoma and Oakland are eager to work with us, if we only help them to feel that they belong. That is not easy, left to themselves. Oakland is over four hundred miles from Santa Paula, its nearest denominational neighbor, Tacoma is over nine hundred from Oakland, and there is none nearer. I wonder how much denominational spirit most of us would have if east and west, north and south, were reversed, and we had two churches in the Boston district, one in Gardner, Mass., one in Norwich, Conn., one in Washington, one in Daytona, Fla., and not another east of Kansas City. The geographical situation would be almost exactly the same.

I am convinced, as one result of this western trip, that it should be the established policy of the Church to send at least one official visitor every year to these outposts, partly to bring to them a touch of our fellowship, but also to bring back to us something of the optimism and good cheer, the loyalty and willingness to work under difficulties, which one finds everywhere up and down the Western Coast.

Stanley Manning,
Director of Young People's Work.

Boston, Feb. 8.

For the Quiet Hour

We are to make the Church of Christ interesting. Jesus Christ himself is interesting. Lift him up anywhere so that people can see him as he is, and he draws men to him.

Charles R. Brown.

The great teacher of all learning that is worthy to be learned is personal contact.

Frederick Temple.

Far be it from you to take pleasure in hearing others evil spoken of; whether unjustly, or though it be some way deservedly, yet let it be always grievous to you, and no way pleasing to hear such things, much less to speak of them. It is the devil's delight to be pleased with evil speakings. The Syrian calls him an eater of slanders or calumnies.

Robert Leighton.

Among Our Churches

Mid-West Letter

Minneapolis, Minn., Redeemer.—This great church is moving grandly forward under the leadership of Dr. Shutter, and his assistant, Rev. Ellsworth C. Reamon. All departments are prosperous. * * **Tuttle Church.**—Since the resignation of Rev. Thomas J. Farmer, this church has been without a pastor. They are well organized, however, and the various departments are busy. Sunday school and Y. P. C. U. are doing good work. I preached for them two Sundays in January, and we are now negotiating for a pastor. It seems likely that a settlement will soon be made. * * **St. Paul.**—This church is still without ministerial leadership. Sunday school keeps up good interest, and it is hoped that before long a minister will be settled. The Ladies' Social Union meets regularly, and is the main strength of the church at present. I preached twice in St. Paul in January. * * **Rochester.**—Rev. Ernest M. W. Smith is doing a most excellent work in this famous little city of healing. He has an assistant who visits the hospitals and carries on a very fine social service work among the thousands who flock to the Mayo Clinic. Nowhere in our denomination is there a greater opportunity for our church to do helpful and telling service than here. I have promised Mr. Smith to return there soon, and write a special article on this great opportunity for our denomination. It will appear within the next month, perhaps, if ye editor will be good enough to give it place. * * **Wisconsin, La Crosse.**—The La Crosse church is carrying on splendidly under the leadership of Rev. Nellie M. Opdale. Less than two years ago this church was pastorless and discouraged. To-day it is alive. Mrs. Opdale has wrought almost a miracle. At the annual business meeting, all bills were paid, and money in the treasury. Mrs. Opdale is an organizer and leader. The La Crosse situation demanded this, and she has proved sufficient for the task. * * **Mukwonago and Stoughton.**—These two churches are about to settle a minister. It is expected that the two will work together, forming a combination, the minister alternating between them. We hope to be able very soon to announce the completed arrangement. * * **Mitchellville, Iowa.**—At the time of this writing I am in a series of "Good News Gospel Services" in this little city. Rev. O. G. Colegrove is the minister of this church. We are enjoying splendid audiences every night. The meetings were started last week by Rev. Laura Bowman Galer, one of the vice-presidents of the General Sunday School Association, and beloved by all who know her. I have heard nothing since coming here but the singing of her praises by those who heard her preach last week. She was pastor of this church some years ago. Mitchellville is the seat of the Iowa State Industrial Home for Girls. Mrs. Galer spoke to these girls while here, also to the school. The Mid-West Superintendent has enjoyed the same privilege, and has been invited to visit them again and sing for them, as well as make another address. Mr. Colegrove preaches in the Girls Industrial Home once every month. Some of the teachers there are members of our church. * * Rev. William Gaskin has resigned at Avon. * * March 1, the Mid-West Superintendent goes into Indiana for work during the month. The harvest is great but the laborers are few.

Luther Riley Robinson.

New York City Letter

Chapin Home.—The Golden Jubilee of the Home will be celebrated March 3 with a reception and entertainment. Dr. Frank Oliver Hall is to be "the orator of the day," and there will be addresses by Dr. Newton and other prominent Universalist ministers. From without the Church there will come words of congratulation and cheer. A fine musical program is part of the day's observance. The usual sale will be omitted, that all the time may be devoted to receiving friends of the Home, and to mutual rejoicing. There must be a large attendance from the Metropolitan District, and to the members and supporters of the Universalist Church a most cordial invitation to be present is extended. The religious census of the Home is interesting. In the 1922 Report, 101 inmates are named, with their religious preferences. There are one each of the following: Friends, Spiritualist, Reformed, Protestant, Christian Science, and Christian; two Baptists, three Catholics, three Dutch Reformed, three Lutherans, six Congregationalists, eleven Presbyterians, fourteen Methodists, fifteen Universalists, eighteen Episcopalians and twenty Liberals. In 1922 there were admitted one Congregationalist, two Universalists and six Liberals. We are somewhat mystified by the increasing number of "Liberals." It is such an elastic or latitudinarian term, that we wonder what it really means. * * **The Metropolitan Y. P. C. U.** enjoyed the annual banquet, Jan. 26. One of our noble young women, Miss Idalia C. Whitcomb, presided with grace and dignity. The address of Brother Brooks of Texas was illuminating and inspiring. The first Universalist church organized in Texas had six members—five white and one negro. Pioneer work must be done. The popular theology is horrid and horrifying, with hell dominant and fear a motive. The personal methods of this frontier preacher, in the largest parish of the denomination, and his experiences with Orthodox pastors, proved Brother Brooks to be a man of moral courage, intellectual resource and religious vigor. * * **The Metropolitan Alliance** met at All Souls Church Friday, Feb. 9. A composite program, furnished by the affiliated churches, with a silver collection for the benefit of the Mt. Vernon church, was the order of the day. The next meeting will be held March 9 at Good Tidings. * * **The New York Tribune** recently sent seven of its reporters, clad in rough and threadbare costumes, into seven wealthy and fashionable churches, with the object of testing the welcome extended to a poorly dressed stranger. In every case the greeting was courteous and the welcome sincere. Here are the head lines of the seven reports: "Receive Hearty Welcome," "Made Welcome," "Greeted Like Any Other Worshiper," "Finds Courteous Welcome," "Gets Hand of Friendship and Cheery Words," "Hospitality and Warmth," "Fine Courtesy and Choicest Pew." Perhaps some of those old yarns, depicting the inhospitality and cold precise manner of New York churches, that have spun a way through the country, will now lapse. * * **Plymouth Church** last month raised Dr. Hillis' salary to $12,000 per year, and now the Central Congregational Church has decreed that Dr. Cadman's salary shall be $12,000. * * **Divine Paternity.** Dr. Newton returned home from Bangor Theological Seminary week ill, so that he could not preach Feb. 4, nor attend the installation of Dr. Rice at Washington in the evening. Miss Ulrich preached with fine acceptance Feb. 4. Mr. Gustave Ulrich, member of the Y. P. C. U. and church, has entered Canton Theological School, in preparation for our ministry. The various social functions of the church have been largely successful. * * **Washington Heights.**—A "Lonesome Club" with fifty members organized. The Saturday night get-together is well attended. Mr. Harris is meeting with striking success in winning large congregations to the Sunday evening services of spiritual vision and intensity, using pictures and the presence of actors, dramatists and producers. Mr. Harris is the leader in every way at these popular services. * * **Good Tidings.**—A Congregational church neighbor has been drawing large congregations

with illustrated lectures this winter, and now Mr. Gibbs has started a friendly co-operation along similar lines. The result is enthusing. Large evening congregations gather now to hear pictured talks, with moral lessons, read with interpreting power by the pastor. This parish is engaging itself to produce the biggest fair in its history next December. A year's dreaming and doing will realize the result desired. * * **All Souls.**—It ought to be known that Mrs. Grose was a member of the Ford Peace Ship party, and remained in Europe to settle the affairs of the party, after its alleged failure. In an address Mrs. Grose gives a picture differing from the caricature of the daily papers, and tells a story worth hearing to those who believe in the power of idealism. Mrs. Ethel Freeman Nickelsen received a generous present, as a token of appreciation and esteem of the parish, and as an earnest of good-will. The Sunday school has a roll of honor, of scholars who have not missed more than three Sundays in the year. Dr. Grose received a fine welcome at the Chapin Home, Sunday, Jan. 28. * * **Our Father.**—Miss Bertsch is winning in her work of increasing the numerical strength of the school, and in the introduction of approved methods of instruction. The attendance is larger than for many months. A company of men are co-operating with enthusiasm. Mr. Arthur G. Peacock, the superintendent of the school, lives ten miles from the church and never misses a Sunday. The "Get Acquainted" gatherings in the Social Hall after each Sunday evening service have achieved success. Over the tea cups, men and women have learned to know and appreciate the humans that attend the Sunday lectures. A committee of seven is planning now for the annual fair to be held Nov. 21, 22 and 23.

Thomas Edward Potterton.

Church News and Interests

PERSONAL

A poem by Rev. Leslie Clare Manchester, "Blue Grass," which first appeared in *Our Dumb Animals*, has been copied by several periodicals, including the *Literary Digest*.

Florida

Miami.—Rev. John S. Cook, D. D., acting pastor. The garden party announced for Feb. 14 was postponed, owing to the death of Mrs. Adam G. Fasig, the mother of Mrs. W. H. Luden. Mrs. Fasig passed away Friday, Jan. 26, after a brief illness. A funeral service was conducted at her daughter's home by Dr. John S. Cook, and the remains were taken to Reading, Pa., for interment. Our congregations are increasing rapidly, and now reach well toward the two hundred mark. A large part are strangers to our faith or to our policy, and this gives a great opportunity to reach people from many places. Our place of worship is the Fairfax Theater, which, short of a church of our own, is the most desirable place we could have in the city. The management very generously place it at our disposal free of charge. The Mission Circle has been very active all winter. They meet every week and not only work for the sale they expect to hold in connection with their garden party, but they have very pleasant social reunions.

Maine

West Paris.—The Sunday school reports the best record in its history for January, 1923. Enrolled, seventy. Fifty-nine perfect attendances. Eight classes with perfect attendance for the month of January. Honor roll for the year was thirty, nine of whom had a perfect record for the year. None on the honor roll can be absent over five Sundays. Attendance on Sunday, Jan. 28, seventy.

Massachusetts

Orange.—Rev. A. A. Blair, pastor. The year 1923 has started briskly. A union watch-night service was held in the church the last night of the old year. The four churches of the town were well represented and a large number remained throughout the service. The evening of Jan. 3, an informal reception was given the new pastor and his wife, and was well attended. The Men's Club, having reorganized, meets every month. At the January meeting, there was a very large attendance not only of club members but of representative citizens. Former Attorney General J. Weston Allen was the speaker and gave a forceful and convincing address. The beginning of the year the pastor started a Men's Forum which meets each Sunday directly after the morning service. Topics of the day are informally discussed. Much interest is being shown and the attendance is increasing each week, as many as sixty remaining at some meetings. The other departments of the church are active as usual.

Medford.—Rev. Hendrik Vossema, pastor. On the first of February Mr. Vossema began his third year with this church. During the last two years extensive repairs and improvements have been made to the buildings, amounting to about $5,000. The bills for these repairs and improvements have been paid without loading the church down with any debt. All our departments are in a healthy, growing condition. Among other distinctions conferred upon the pastor, Mr. Vossema has been made president of the federated churches of our city.

New Hampshire

Alstead.—Rev. Alven M. Smith, pastor. Our church and Sunday school are doing good work in all departments. In church attendance we have over fifty present. An orchestra of four to six pieces plays two special pieces and all the hymns. In Sunday school a contest brought out seventy-four members, and 105 present the last day. We begin a second period of three months' contest Feb. 11. New classes and more teachers and a men's class of ten members all look good to us. The Ladies' Aid are busy with good results. Laymen aid in the addresses very often in morning services at our home mission and anti-saloon and other Sundays, so the pastor then has little to do. At the union service with the Congregational church one evening the young people took the service, and a Y. P. C. U. will soon be formed. This is a small town and church, but the many children and young people are very much alive and its influence is bound to extend through the coming years.

New York

Rochester.—Rev. William Wallace Rose, pastor. The minister began his fourth year in this church with a salary increase of $1,000. Through the use of generous newspaper space in the Monday editions he is reaching a very wide parish in western New York. He has spoken a half dozen times over Radio Station WHAM of the Eastman Theater. Rochester is hospitable to Universalists, and Mr. Rose is active in the Federation of Churches and the Y. M. C. A. The morning services attract ever growing congregations, and a series of four sermons on Coue and auto-suggestion brought in many strangers who have become warm friends of the church. The evening illustrated photo-stories hold their own, in spite of rather keen competition on the part of other churches and the movies. The gymnasium and parish rooms are in use every afternoon and evening with parish activities, or clubs of the neighborhood. The winter playground from 3 to 5 p. m. on five days of the week has the co-operation of the Department of Parks, and the nearest public school. Children twelve and under use the basketball court, and listen to stories. We find many of these children go nowhere to Sunday school, and a fine percentage of them come into our own. The Woman's Aid, Mission Circle, Senior and Junior Guilds, Boy Scouts, and Young People's Class (mixed) are thriving. Our plans for a new community house and Sunday school are stalled, waiting for the city to take our property for the widening of one of the busy streets upon which we are located. This will mean in time a new edifice. As Lent approaches, the minister announces a series of morning sermons on Universalism, and Wednesday night meetings to study the Bible.

Ohio

Cincinnati.—Rev. John Edwin Price, pastor. Our annual meeting, Jan. 17, revealed through the reports that progress has been made in all departments of our church life. The average a tendance in

Sunday school is the highest in the memory of our superintendent, Mr. Stanley C. Stall. Largely through his efforts we enjoyed the finest Christmas exercises and services it has been our pleasure to witness in years. Ninety-five attended the exercises, and people had to stand up around the edges for the services on Sunday morning. Thirty-five came out to the Y. P. C. U. candle-light service in the evening. Under the leadership of our pastor we have been conducting a four-fold church membership campaign. (1) There has been newspaper and house to house advertising; (2) literature and follow-up letters have gone to prospects; (3) individual visitation of prospects has begun; (4) we have had under way a Red and Blue Boosters contest among our own people of 100 families for better attendance and interest. Progress in the contest is marked by two airships on a flying pilgrimage to Bethlehem and return. From last March to July congregations averaged only forty-five. From September to January, attendance averaged seventy-five. Four well advertised topics brought out ninety-eight, 108, 118 and 125 respectively. This we consider a good percentage of growth. It shows very clearly the unmistakable value of good publicity. Under the stress of the campaign eighteen have united with the church and there are more in sight. Each month the Clara Barton Guild and other volunteers fold 3,000 tracts (two kinds) into 1,500 circulars which our minister furnishes and the men and boys distribute them to the homes in our vicinity. The annual sale and supper given by the Woman's Alliance netted over $175. It ought to be said in explanation that our church is in an out-of-the-way situation so that we have to depend upon our own people. In every way there is a growing spirit of progress in our church. We paid our Japan quota of $105 by special offering, $78 to Armenian offering and $73 to a poor local family. This year we have installed the duplex envelop system. Although less money is available from endowment this year than ever we are learning to walk alone and are still confident that more contributions will come in, enabling us to meet our $8,000 without calling for help from other sources.

Milford.—Rev. John Edwin Price has been our pastor since last June. He holds preaching service on the first and third Sunday evenings and usually spends some time in pastoral work during the week prior. During his absence last summer we removed the tall spire from our church, repaired the steps and porch, painted the church outside and redecorated it inside. The interior is very cheery and inviting, being done in white, cream and very light tan. Our Sunday school meets regularly every Sunday morning and is well supported by the community. We continue to enjoy unusually fine church music through the courtesy of the Shumard family orchestra. Our annual sale held in connection with our Thanksgiving dinner was a success. A total from both of $250 was cleared. We had fifty men and women helpers. Happiness reigned. The whole community shares our sorrow in the passing away of a loved member, Miss Annie Scott. One new member was added to our church rolls the first Sunday of the New Year.

Pennsylvania

Philadelphia, Messiah.—Rev. Herbert E. Benton, pastor. Sunday, Jan. 28, the entire morning service was in charge of the Y. P. C. U. The sermon time was divided so that three young people spoke. The subjects were: "The Young People and the Future," "The Prodigal Son," and "My Ideal Church." On Sunday, Feb. 25, at 4 p. m., Mr. Benton will broadcast a sermon from Strawbridge and Clothier's, Station WFI, Philadelphia. Mr. A. N. Lindsay, the evangelist singer, who leads the singing at the Sunday evening meetings, will be the soloist.

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DR. LOWE PREACHES IN CAMBRIDGE

We cherished great expectations when we learned that Dr. Lowe was to preach in Cambridge. We were glad to hear him. He met our expectations and fitted in admirably with the occasion, and made his Universalist friends and others feel proud of their representative.

There is in North Cambridge an unusually fine spirit uf Christian unity between the four churches: the Congregational, Universalist, Episcopal and Baptist. The men's clubs of the four churches bring the best men of the community together and they have brought the churches and the community into friendly relations. During the winter these clubs maintain a lecture course in the churches, and they hold four Sunday evening union services at which each church seeks to have one of its leading preachers. This time it was the privilege of the Universalist church to select the preacher, and Mr. Paige, the pastor, chose Dr. Lowe, who spoke on "The Two Worlds" the world visible and the world invisible, the one transient, the other permanent. We live in both worlds. For some men, however, the visible world appears to be the more real, the more important, the more satisfying. But these persons do not think things through, nor do they live deeply, else they would see that the visible world is but the precipitate of thought, the expression of mind, and the mind with its thought is the greater reality and the higher value, and all the greater interests of life belong to the visible world. Our minds belong there; our friends live their true lives therein—all we produce are products of our visible minds. And we ourselves and the visible world are the precipitate of the Divine Mind, expression of His eternal thought. We therefore live and move and have our being in this invisible wurld. If and since these things are so, we should individually think more of the invisible things of life, and pursue those unseen values which make our lives significant and rich, and collectively as groups and nations and churches. The lines of advance are clearly indicated for us. Life in the invisible world and for these values would bring order out of the present world-chaos.

Such in brief and broad outlines was the thought Dr. Lowe presented. It was a great theme, adequately treated, and it made a deep impression. It was good to hear him, and it made us all feel we would like to have him come again and often. He preached to us as human beings and reached us all irrespective of the churches to which we belong. The Universalists are to be congratulated that they are represented by such a man.

D. E.

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LENTEN SERVICES IN BOSTON

Co-operation between churches and denominations has reached "highest altitude" in a series of Lenten meetings to be held in B. F. Keith's theater, Boston, during February and March.

The Greater Boston Federation of Churches, numbering among its constituents over six hundred churches and missions, has gathered together a group of twenty leading ministers and laymen belonging to many communions who will treat the subject of ideal citizenship from many angles. The five talks during Holy Week will be given by Rev. Frederic F. Shannon, of Chicago, where he is known as a great pulpit orator.

Rabbi Harry Levi, of the Temple Israel Free Synagogue, will represent the advanced Jewish faith, and Judge Michael J. Sullivan, a prominent Catholic layman, will appear for those of his faith.

Other speakers will be Dr. George A. Gordon, of the Old South Congregational Church, Bishop Edwin E. Hughes, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Rev. W. A. Lawrence, son of Bishop William Lawrence of the Massachusetts diocese, Rev. Charles N. Arbuckle, Baptist, of Newton, Rev. Edward Cummings, Unitarian, minister of the South Congregational Church and successor to Dr. Edward Everett Hale, Dean Willard L. Sperry of the Harvard Andover Theological Seminary, Rev. Raymond Calkins, writer and preacher, of Cambridge. Lay speakers include Mr. J. Weston Allen, the now famous fighting attorney-general of Massachusetts, Mr. Payson Smith, commissioner of Education for Massachusetts, Mrs. Eva W. White, executive secretary of Community Service for Massachusetts, Mr. Robert W. Kelso, secretary for the Bureau of Social Agencies in Boston, Mr. Howard Coonley, president of the Walworth Mfg. Co., and Mr. Robert Fech-

ner, head of the local machinist union.

The meetings will start Feb. 26 and hold until March 30. They will begin at 12.20 and close sharply at 12.55. Seats are all free, and the public is cordially invited.

* *

BOSTON MINISTERS' MEETING

Dr. William I. Lawrance was unable to be present Feb. 12, and Rev. Stanley Manning gave a talk on the work of the Young People's Christian Union. Feb. 9, Mr. Frank L. Lock, president of the Young Men's Christian Union, will speak. Subject: "A suggested improvement in the order of church service from a layman's viewpoint."

* *

ROBERT M. ADAM

Robert M. Adam, of Joliet, Illinois, died at St. Joseph's Hospital in that city following a street car accident. The news has only now reached headquarters, bringing deep sorrow to those who knew and, because they knew, loved and respected Mr. Adam. He was president of the board of trustees of St. John's Universalist Church and the last two years of his life were largely devoted to the service of his church and active co-operation with his minister's plans for making it even more largely than it now is a community center.

"He was typical of the quiet unostentatious citizen who, in the words of the immortal Elia, delighted 'to do good by stealth and be found out by accident,' " said an intimate friend.

* *

FRANK B. CUMMINGS

Colonel Frank B. Cummings, of Portland, Maine, a prominent member of the Congress Square Church and for many years superintendent of its Sunday school, died at the Hotel Brunswick in Boston, Feb. 8.

He had been publicity secretary of the Portland Chamber of Commerce, and secretary of the Retail Merchants' Association. He went overseas as lieutenant-colonel of his regiment, but was obliged to return home after several months at the front, because of the disease (tuberculosis) which was the cause of his death.

* *

THE MEN'S BANQUET

Plans for the annual banquet of Universalist men of Massachusetts to be held at the Boston City Club on Friday evening, March 2, are rapidly taking shape. Dr. Martin M. Brown of North Adams, vice-president of the State Comrades, will preside, and C. Raymond Cabot of Newtonville, member of the board of trustees of the State Convention, will act as toastmaster. A Universalist layman of national fame is expected to give an address, and Dr. F. O. Hall will have a real message for men. Tickets at $1.50 each may be obtained of Alvar W. Polk, 176 Newbury St., Boston. Send check or money order. No orders for tickets can be filled after Wednesday, Feb. 28.

UNIVERSALIST COMRADES

Maine State Chapter

The annual meeting and banquet of the Maine State Chapter of the Order of Universalist Comrades will be held at Congress Square Church, Portland, Monday, Feb. 26.

The morning will be devoted to business. At 2 p. m., National Memorial Church and Perin-Cate House Round Table with Dr. John Smith Lowe as leader. 5. Election of officers. 6.30. Annual Banquet at Congress Square Hotel. Dr. John Smith Lowe, speaker.

* *

SABBATH SCHOOL UNION

The February meeting will be held on Wednesday, the 21st. Directors' meeting at 5.45. Supper at 6.30. Evening program at 7.30.

The speaker for the evening, Miss Laura Dudley, will give a stereopticon lecture on "Art in Religion," illustrated with slides from the old masters. These are really great works of art, not merely illustrations of particular events. Miss Dudley is one of the devoted supporters of the North Cambridge Universalist Church and one of the lecturers of Harvard University in the Department of Religious Art.

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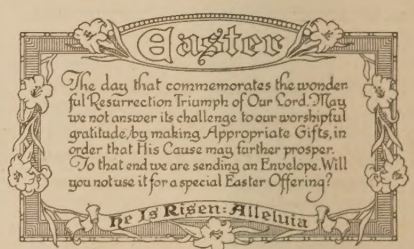
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* *

Daughter: "The preacher just phoned and said he was coming to call this afternoon."

Mother: "Gracious! We must make a good impression. Give the baby the hymn-book to play with."—*American Legion Weekly.*

* *

A man came to see me the other day with a book demonstrating that we are all free and equal. Said he was only offering it to a few of our best people.—*W. S. Adkins, in Louisville Courier-Journal.*

* *

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